

No. M. 485. 11



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No. 2.

HOWE'S

100

COMIC SONGS,

INCLUDING

ALL OF THE POPULAR STANDARD COMIC SONGS,

AS SUNG BY

LINGARD, MORRIS BROS., BUCKLEY'S, CHRISTY'S, SAM COLLINS',
AND BY ALL OF THE POPULAR MINSTREL TROUPES.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

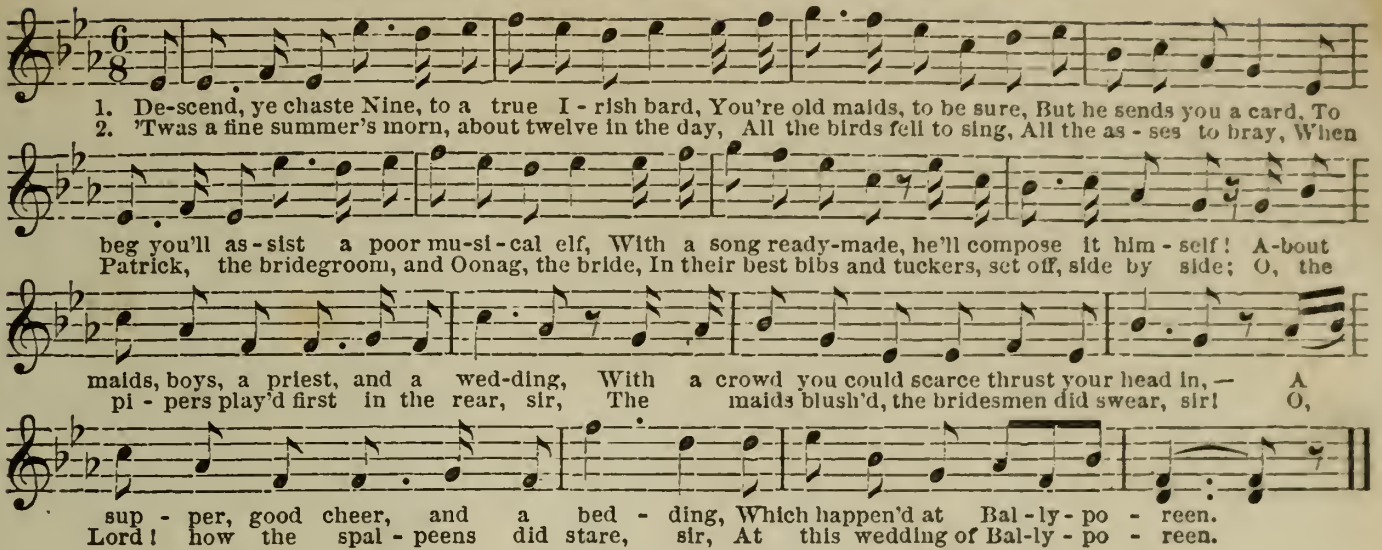
PRICE, THIRTY CENTS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY ELIAS HOWE, 103 COURT STREET.

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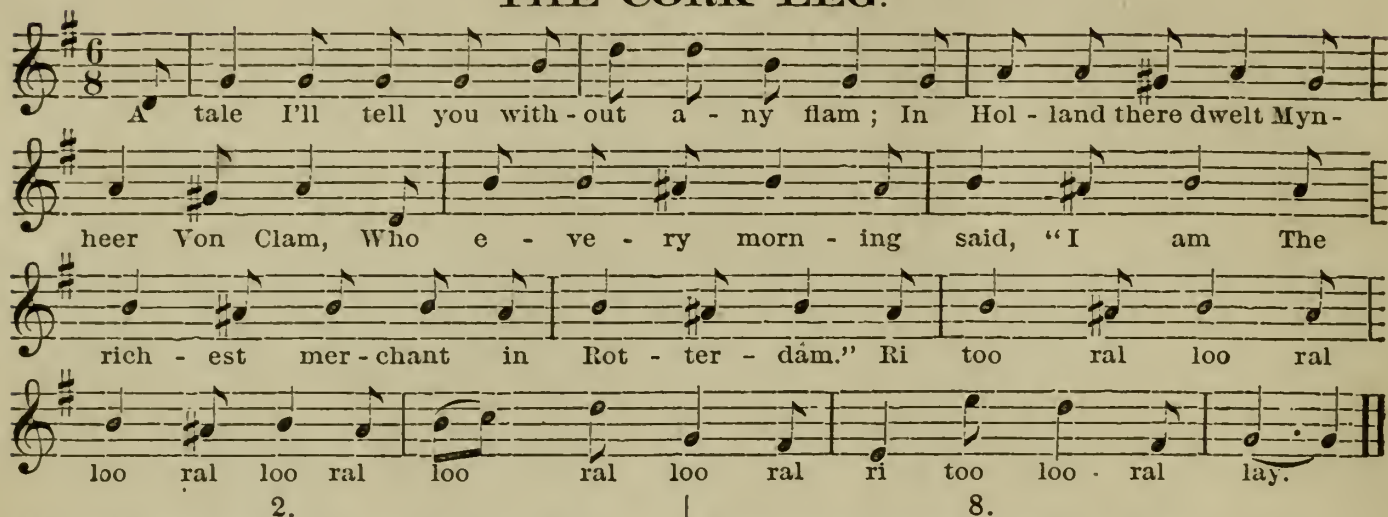


1. De-scend, ye chaste Nine, to a true I - rish bard, You're old maids, to be sure, But he sends you a card. To
 2. 'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day, All the birds fell to sing, All the as - ses to bray, When
 beg you'll as - sist a poor mu - si - cal elf, With a song ready-made, he'll compose it him - self! A - bout
 Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonag, the bride, In their best bibs and tuckers, set off, side by side; O, the
 maids, boys, a priest, and a wed - ding, With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in, — A
 pi - pers play'd first in the rear, sir, The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir! O,
 sup - per, good cheer, and a bed - ding, Which happen'd at Bal - ly - po - reen.
 Lord! how the spal - peens did stare, sir, At this wedding of Bal - ly - po - reen.

3. They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn;
 When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 O, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group.
 There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
 And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.
4. There was Bryan MacDermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,
 With Terence, and Triscoll and platter-faced Pat;
 There was Norah Macormic, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn!
 There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius
 With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.
5. Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
 And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration;
 They were welcomed, he said, and he swore, and he cursed,
 They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink till they burst.
 The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 I hope you all hither will drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,
 To the christening at Ballyporeen.
6. Then the bride she got up, to make a low bow,
 But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how—
 She blushed, and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
 She whispered so low that she bothered them all.
 But her mother cried,—“What, are you dead, child?
 O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
 Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child.
 O, I'd rattle all Ballyporeen.”
7. Now they sat down to meat,—Father Murphy said grace;
 Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face!
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
 And they elbowed, and jostled, and wollopped away;
 Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs;
 Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;
 They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs,
 At this wedding at Ballyporeen.
8. There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled;
 Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled;
 Hog's puddings, red herrings, the priest got the snipe;
 Culcannon pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heel and tripe;
 Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs,
 O, how Terry Macmants did roar, sirs,
 O, he bothered all Ballyporeen.

9. Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters did roar ;
Tim sung " Paddy O'Kelly ; " Nell sung " Molly Astore ; "
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake ;
Then the piper and couples advancing,
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing,
Such piping, such figuring, and dancing, Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.
10. Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride ;
And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen ;
And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
I wish you may be half so merry As we were at Ballyporeen.

THE CORK LEG.



One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg,
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

3.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration ;
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So finished the job by amputation,

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

4.

Said Mynheer, when he had done his work,
" By your knife I lose one fork ;
But upon crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

5.

An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme ;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The works a compound of clockwork and steam,

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

6.

The leg was made and fitted right ;
Inspection the artist did invite ;
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
And he fixed it on and screw'd it tight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

7.

He walk'd through squares and past each shop,
Of speed he went at the very top ;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbors thought he was running a race !
He clung to a post to stay his pace,
But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

9.

He call'd to some men with all his might,
" Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite !"
But though they heard him aid invite,
He in less then a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

10.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
To ease his weary bones he fain
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,—
For the leg got up, and was off again.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

11.

He walk'd for days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died,—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

12.

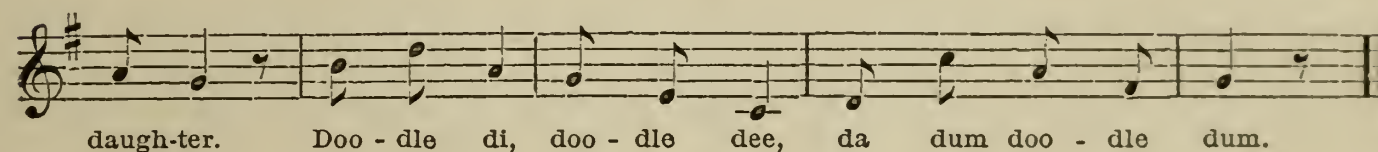
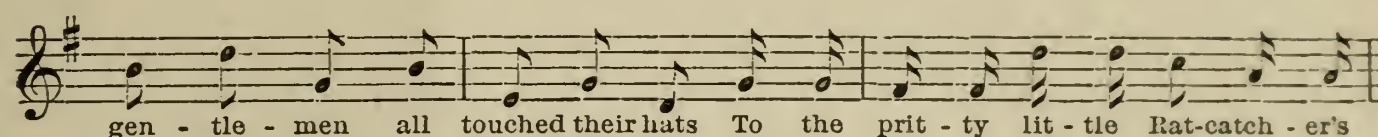
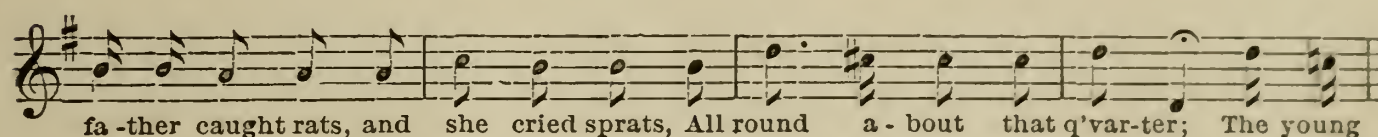
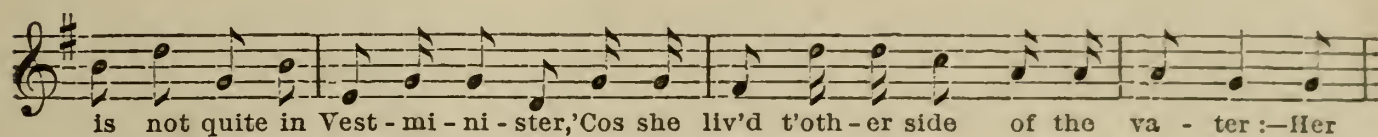
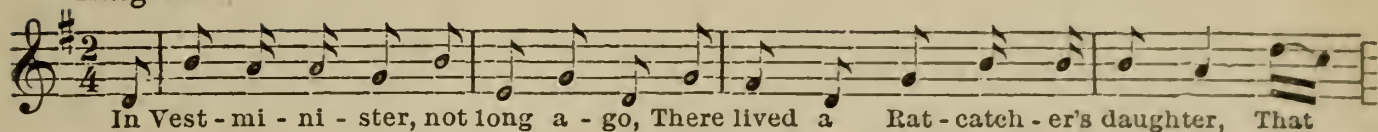
In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight ;—
No cash did the artist's skill requite,
He never was paid—and it serv'd him right.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

13.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the richest merchant that could be :
Who never was buried, though dead, ye see,
And I have been singing his L.E.G.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Allegretto.

2.

She vore no hat upon her head,
Nor cap, nor dandy bonnet,
The hair on her head fell down her back,
Like a bunch of carrots upon it;
Ven she cried "sprats" in Vestminster,
Oh! such a sweet, loud voice, sir,
You could hear her all up Parliament street,
And as far as Charing Cross, sir.
Doodle di, &c.

3.

Both rich and poor, from far and near,
In matrimony sought her;
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
Did the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter;
For there was a man sold lily-vite sand,
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And right over head and ears in love
Fell the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle di, &c.

4.

Now lily-vite sand so run in her head,
As she walk'd along the strand, oh!
She cried, though she'd got the sprat on her [head—
"Do you vant any lily-vite sand, oh?"
The folks amaz'd all thought her craz'd,
As she valk'd along the strand, oh!
To hear a gal, with sprat on her head,
Cry, "Come, buy my lily-vite sand, oh!"
Doodle di, &c.

5.

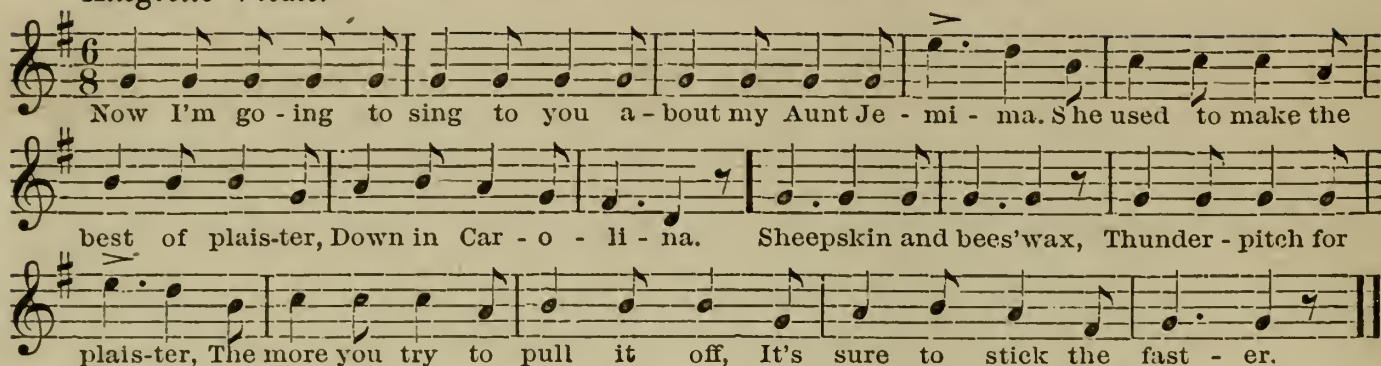
The Ratcatcher's daughter run in his head,
And he didn't know vot he vos arter;
Instead of crying, "want any lily-vite sand?"
He cried, "D'ye vant any Ratcatcher's
[daughter?"
The donkey prick'd up his ears and laugh'd,
And vonder'd vot he vos arter,
To hear his lily-vite sandman cry,
"Vill ye buy any Ratcatcher's daughter?"
Doodle di, &c.

6.

Now they both agreed to married be
Upon next Easter Sunday;
But the Ratcatcher's daughter had a dream
She wouldn't be alive till Monday;
She vent again to buy some sprats,
But tumbled into the vater;
And down to the bottom of the dirty Thames,
Fell the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter!
Doodle di, &c.

7.

Lily-vite sand, ven he heard the news,
Both his eyes pour'd down with vater;
Says he, "In love I'll constant prove,
And blow'd if I live long arter!
So he cut his throat vith a sq'vare of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter!
There vos an end of poor lily-vite sand,
His donkey, and Ratcatcher's daughter!
Doodle di, &c.

Allegretto Vivace.

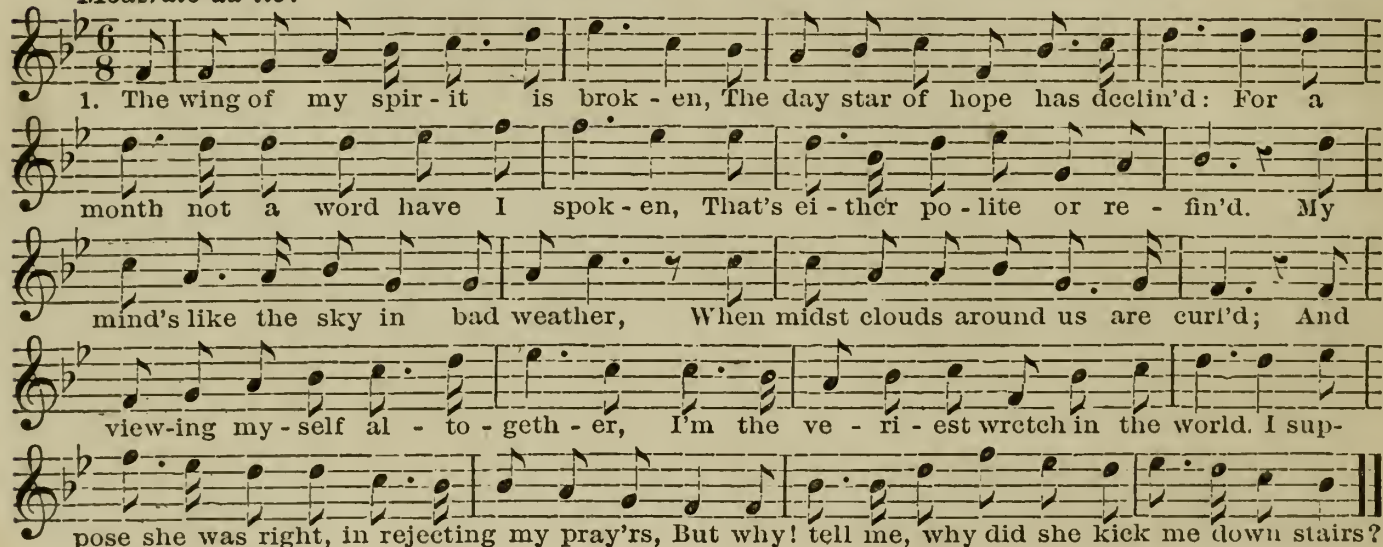
2. Once I had a box of blacking,
About so big or bigger,
I stuck the plaster on the lid,
And it drew me out a nigger.
Sheep skin, &c.

3. Going down to New Orleans,
I fell upon the landing,
I stuck a plaster on my head,
And it fetched me up a standing.
Sheep skin, &c.

4. Once I had a scolding wife,
She wasn't over civil,
I clapt a plaster on her back,
And it drew her to the devil.
Sheep skin, &c.

5. But now my wife is dead and gone,
I'm off to Carolina;
And if my song has pleased you all,
Some other day I'll find her.
Sheep skin, &c.

WHY DID SHE KICK ME DOWN STAIRS.

Moderato ad lib.

2.
I wander about like a vagrant—
I spend half my time in the street,
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet;
My dress, is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.
I suppose she was right, &c.

3.
At home I'm an object of horror
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me;
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.
I suppose she was right, &c.

4.
One says, "He's a victim to Cupid,"—
Another, "His conduct's too bad,"—
A third, "He's awfully stupid,"—
A fourth, "He's perfectly mad,"—

And then I am watch'd like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife;—
By heaven! no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!
I suppose she was right, &c.

5.
I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope,
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
A razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat;
But to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides, 'twould be breaking the law.
I suppose she was right, &c.

6.
Yet one way remains—to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care:
But drown—O! the thought makes me shiver,
A terrible death I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.
I suppose she was right, &c.

(AIR,—DI TANTI PALPITI.)

Wedlock is a tick - lish thing, Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey; And will joy or sorrow bring
 Hey merrily ho, hey ho. Oh, how de - light - ful pass their days a -
 way, Who, nev - er spite - ful, on - ly toy and play.

SPOKEN. "Will you take a walk this morning, my love?" "Yes, my dear." "Then you had better put on your clogs, my chicken, for fear of catching cold." "And pray, do you put on your great coat, lest you might increase your cough." "Thank you, my darling, for your kind care of me." "When do you intend to instruct our new villa on 'Ampstead 'Eath?" "Vhy, as soon as them 'ere articheeks send in their demensions, and so on." "Don't forget to have towers and such like things, to make it look all the world as though it wur a little castle." "I von't, I von't; and I'll have a worandur in front, that you may look at the folk go up and down on a Sunday a'ternoon. Can't we cover the front with shells to make it look like a—like a—" "I know—a emintage, you mean." "Yes, my dear." "So ve vill, my duck."

Oh! wed - lock's joys are soft and sweet, Hey merrily ho, and
 ho merrily, hey, When fond hearts in u - nion meet, Hey, merrily ho, hey ho!

Let us only change the scene,
 Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
 Take a peep behind the screen,
 Ho terrible ho, hey ho!
 What she proposes, be it good or bad,
 He still opposes, till he drives her mad.

SPOKEN.—"Do you dine at home to-day, Sir?" "I can't tell, ma'am." "What shall I provide?" "What you like." "Would you like a roasted chicken?" "You know I don't like roasted chicken;" "Well, boiled then?" "Worse and worse." "What will you have then?" "Nothing." "Very well, Sir." "Very well, ma'am." "I say, Mr. Shrimp, ven am I to have that 'ere new pelese which you promised me?" "When you treats a gemman like a gemman, and conducts yourself like a lady." "Oh, not till then?" "No." "Wery vell, Sir; then you will let me perish with cold." "That I am'sure you von't, for you are always in 'ot vater." "Oh, I vish you vere—" "At the devil; I knows you do: but I'll live a few years longer on purpose to plague you."

Thus, wedlock is a dreadful state,
 Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
 When cold hearts are joined by fate,
 Ho terrible ho, hey ho.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

It was in the win - ter, 'bout six in the morn, When I, lit - tle in - nocent
 creature, was born; There was Doctor and Nurse, and a great many more, But none of them saw such a
 ba - by be - fore. They all swore I was like my pa - pa, oh! And there is the nose, of ma -
 ma; With a few al - ter - a - tions, oh, la! Will make him a beau - ti - ful boy.

2.

To make him a beauty, cried out Mistress Sneer,
 We'll be troubled without the child has a sweet
 leer,
 Then to give me this leer Mistress Glazier arose,

And a piece of red putty stuck bang on my nose,
 This made me wink and blink so,
 The ladies knew not what to think, oh!
 At last it turn'd into a squint so,
 All to make me a beautiful boy.

3.

To make me accomplish'd, they said, I wanted
one thing—

My mouth was too small for the dear child to
sing;

Then to lug it and stretch it they all of them
tried,

'Till they stretch'd my sweet mouth near half a
yard wide,—

Crying, "pull away now, Mrs. Rider,
It must be a little bit wider!"

My dear mouth they split pretty nigh, sir,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

4.

Now, being complete, I was next sent to school,
And to show off my make was stuck on a high
stool;

When the children went home, they cried out
with surprise,

"We've a new boy at school with such beautiful
eyes!

He can look any way so handy,
Such a mouth he has got to suck candy,

And his legs are so precious bandy,
They call him the beautiful boy!"

5.

T'other day I was ask'd in the City to dine,
The ladies in raptures all thought me divine;
And all when observing my elegant grace,
Neglected their dinner to gaze on my face.

They cried—"I shall faint with surprise!
No gas-light can equal his eyes!

And such a sweet mouth for mince-pies—
O dear! what a beautiful boy!"

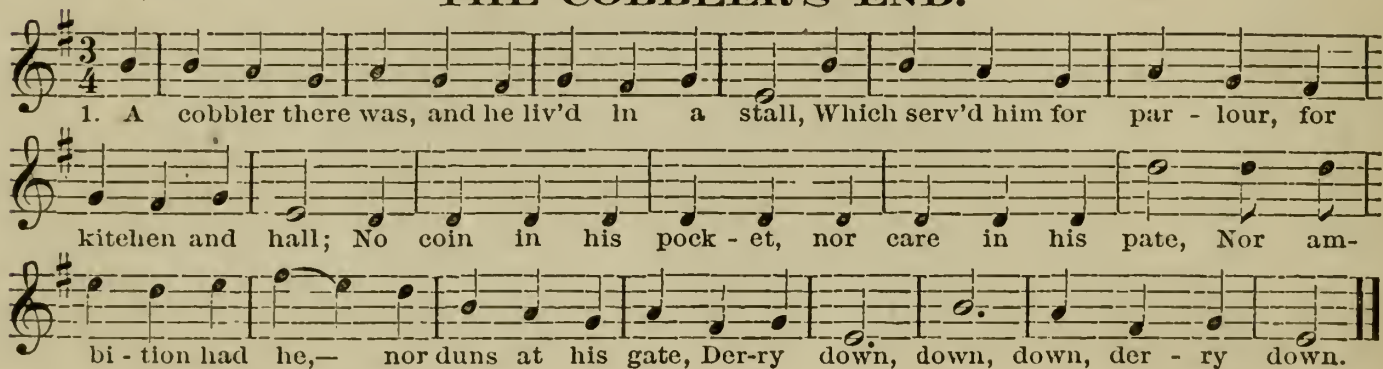
6.

Now, ladies, beware of Love's powerful darts,
For fearful I am I shall steal all your hearts;
And then, sweet dear little creatures, you'll
sigh,

And doat on my charms till you'll languish and
die;

For you know I can't marry you all,
But believe me, whenever you call,
My endeavours shall be to please all,
Although such a beautiful boy.

THE COBBLER'S END.



2.

Contented he work'd and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
sweet,

Saying, "just to a halr, I've made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

3.

But love, the disturber of high and of low!
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

4.

It was from a window this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay:
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day.
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

5.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would
flee,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, &c.

6.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body, instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

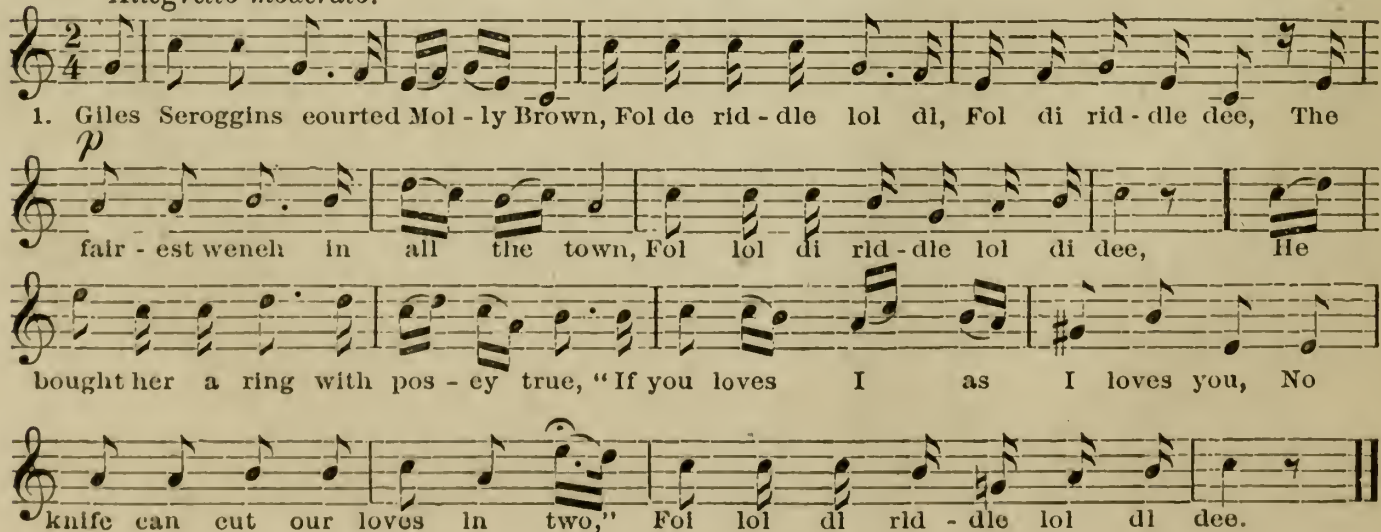
Derry down, &c.

7.

And now in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by the past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS.

Allegretto moderato.

2.

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And quite unsartin's all our lives,
Fol de riddle, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles' thread,
So they could not be married,
Fol de riddle, &c.

3.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep,
Fol de riddle, &c.
When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried, "I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost,"
Fol de riddle, &c.

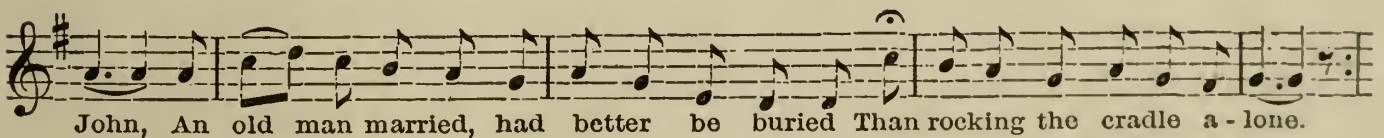
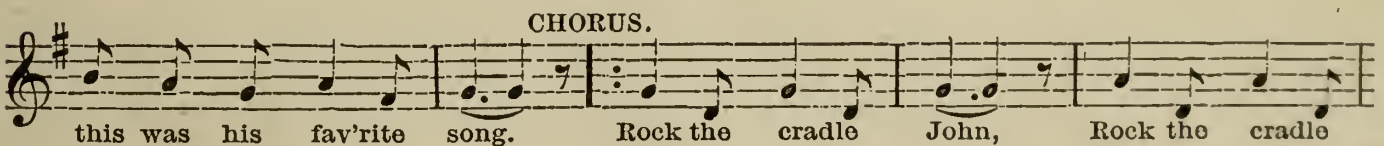
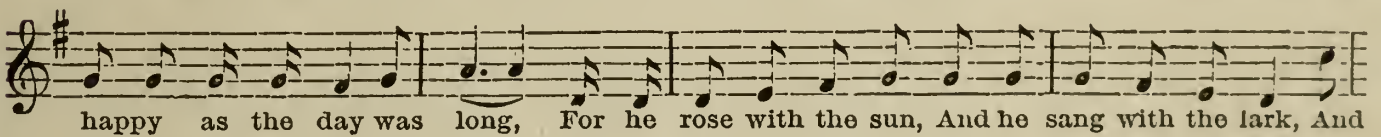
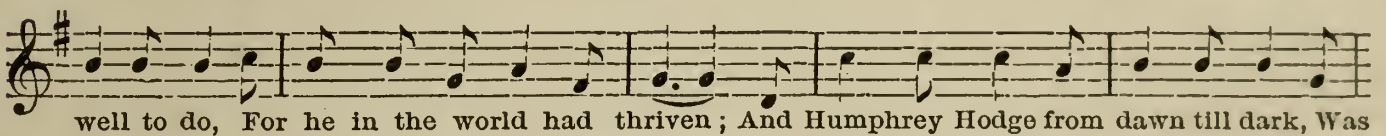
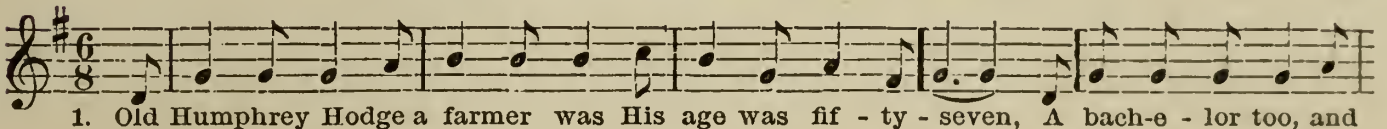
4.

The ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol de riddle, &c.
"Oh! Molly, you must go with me,
Fol de riddle, &c.
All to the grave your love to cool!"
She says, "I am not dead, you fool!"
Says the ghost, says he, "Vy, thats no rule,"
Fol de riddle, &c.

5.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,
Fol de riddle, &c.
All for to go along with him,
Fol de riddle, &c.
"Come, come," said he, "ere morning's beam;"
"I yon't," said she, and she screamed a scream;
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a
dream. Fol de riddle, &c.

ROCK THE CRADLE, JOHN.



2.

Now Humphrey Hodge had a serving girl;
As blooming as the bay,
And she was fair as the lily or pearl,
And fresh as the flow'rs in May.
And her eyes shot forth such lustrous beams,
That some how ere 'twas long,
Her image was ever in Humphrey's dream,
In spite of his favorite song. *Cho.*

3.

Now Humphrey Hodge, alas and alas,
Grew tir'd of single life,
And ere the harvest moon could pass,
He made this maid his wife.
And the sun shone bright on his marriage morn,
And the bells rang out ding dong,
And Humphrey felt like a man new born,
And fairly forgot the song. *Cho.*

4.

Now Humphrey Hodge and his dear young wife,
Were as happy as any pair,
Until the time that he was bless'd,
With a buxom son and heir;
And he sits and sighs as the baby cries,
With its lungs so loud and strong,
Yet he sings forsooth and reflects on the truth,
Contained in his fav'rite song. *Cho.*

5.

Now Humphrey Hodge walks round the farm,
And his hair is silver and gray,
With his wife before, and his child on his arm,
The fruits of December and May.
And people smile at the silly old man,
Being wed to a wife so young,
And Humphrey thinks as he winks and blinks,
When his neighbors sing him the song. *Cho.*

SHABBY GENTEEL.

1. We have heard it as-sert-ed a dozen times o'er That a man may be hap-py in
rags; That a prince is no more in his carriage and four, Than a
pauper who tramps on the flags. As I chance to be nei-ther, I can-not describe How a
prince or a pauper may feel. I belong to that highly re-spect-a-ble tribe, Which is

CHORUS.

known as the Shabby Genteel. Too proud to beg, to honest to steal, I
know what it is to be want-ing a meal, My tat-ters and rags I
try to con-ceal, I'm one of the Shab-by Gen-teel.

2.
I'm a party, in fact, who has known better days,
But their glory is faded and gone.
I have started in life in a lot of odd ways,
But have not found the way to get on;
There are only three roads, I'm afraid, that are
left,
I shall have to beg, borrow or steal;
Yet I don't quite encourage the notion of theft,
Tho' I'm awfully Shabby Genteel. CHO.

3.
I'm dress'd in my best, tho' I cannot pretend
That my costume is quite comme il faut,
You'll observe that my watch has been left with
a friend,

And my gloves are unfitted for show.
There are traces of wear on my elbows and knees,
And my boots have run down at the heel,
But it is cruel to criticise matters like these,
When a man has grown shabby genteel. CHO.

4.
Still I strive to be cheerful in all my distress,
And I bear my bad luck like a man.
If I can't have my way as to feeding and dress,
I must still do the best that I can;
And remember, good people, that fortune some
day,
By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you in the very same way,
To the level of Shabby Genteel. CHO.

I SAW ESAU KISSING KATE.

1. 'Twas just a-bout a year a-go, When I was down to Glo's-ter I found a lass, but
now, a-las! I find that I have lost her. I'm sure I nev-er can for-get, The
hap-py days that we saw Be-fore the day on which we met Her Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. For it was on that unlucky day that—

I saw E-sau kiss-ing Kate, And the fact is—we all three saw For
I saw E-sau, he saw me, And she saw. I saw E-sau.

2.

I'd rather go without my beer,
Or even get my scone hurt,
Then ever go again to hear
A Crystal palace Concert.
For I took Kitty there and then,
Unfortunately she saw
That horidest of countrymen,
Her Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. But even then I never thought I should have to say—

I saw Esau, &c.

3.

She introduced this man to me,
And soon, behind a statue,
I saw what made me audibly
Sing out, "I'm looking at you."
'Tis sad indeed to have to state,
What poor unlucky me saw,
For there was Esau kissing Kate,
And Kate was kissing Esau.

SPOKEN. Yes! they had commenced the business arithmetically. They began with Addition, went right through Subtraction, and would have gone on to Multiplication, had it not been that—

I saw Esau, &c.

4.

Is this why you both quitted me!
Said I, you little Tartar!
Oh yes! said she, the Rule of Three
Is not so good as barter.
I went to school with him, she said,
And used to play at seesaw,
So, if you please I think I'll wed
My Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. Well said I, I came to a concert, but this is a concerted piece I didn't expect to see. I scarcely knew what to say, for it was enough to disconcert me altogether when—

I saw Esau, &c.

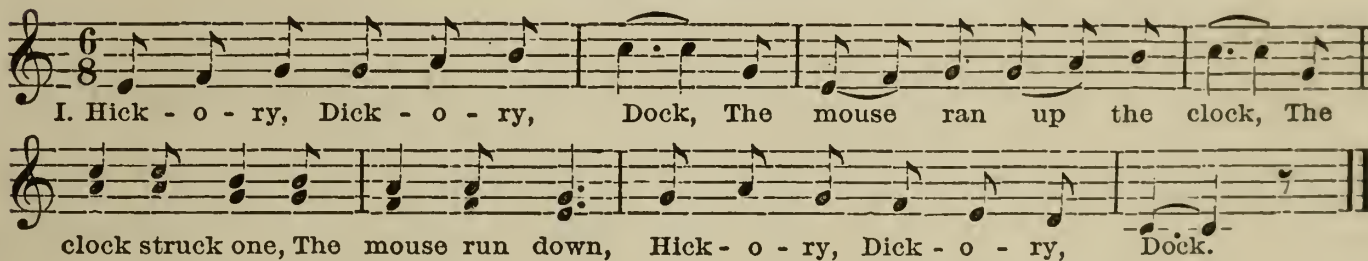
5.

I went away in quite a pet,
And toddled home to tea, oh!
For I could see that their *Duet*
Had put me up a *Tree* oh?
But still my sorrow was 'nt great,
When in the papers we saw,
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate,
And Kate had married Esau.

SPOKEN. Oh! yes! I've quite recover'd now, and am courting a prettier girl; but still it is not pleasant to reflect upon the day when—

I saw Esau, &c.

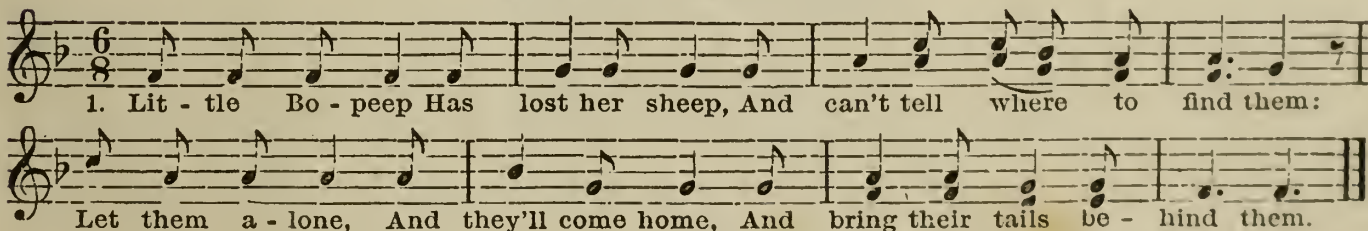
HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.



2. Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

3. Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

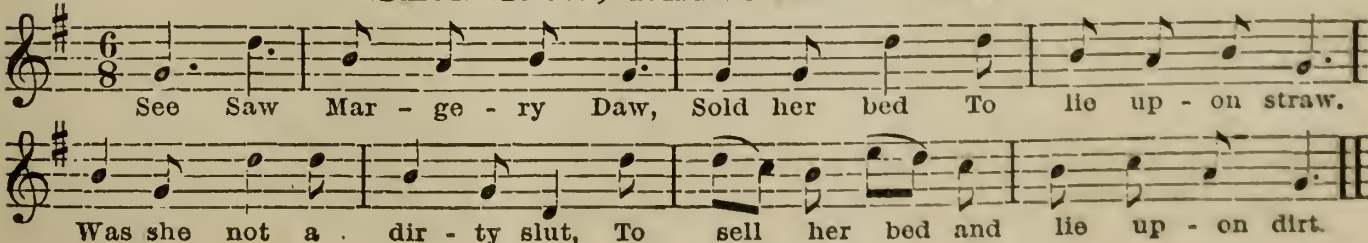


2 Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.
3 Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;

She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails behind them.

4 It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray:
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1. *p* Sitting in my room one morning, And re-flecting on the past, I thought 'twas time
I was reform-ing, For I knew I was too fast. Then and there my
er-ror see-ing, "Stop," said I, "I real-ly ought." From that time I gave up spreeing.

CHORUS.

Was-n't it a happy thought? Happy thought, happy thought, Why did I nev-er
think of it before now? By experience we are taught, Yes, tis a happy, happy thought.

2.
Searching for a lark at night too,
Every obstacle I'd scorn,
Gradually get very tight too,
Then I'd be locked up till morn,
And that very self-same day too,
"Fore the Magistrate I'm brought,
Who says, "six days, sir, and a fine too,
"Fine?" said I-- "ah; happy thought!"

4.
People used to call me fast, tho;
Life I now consider slow,
Larks and sprees for me are past, oh,
I am done with them you know;
A friend with whom I'd often tarried,
Sometimes since my lodgings sought;
"Bill," said he, "you should get married,"
"Jove!" said I, "a happy thought."

3
I visits often used to pay to
A damsel who was straight and tall;
Never shall forget one day too,
When I climbed the garden wall;
With kisses her was going to smother,
When by her master I was caught,
"Please," said she, "sir, it's my brother."
"Gad!" said I, "a happy thought."

5.
My friend's advice I took, and married,
And have got a family;
I regret I so long tarried,
For I could not happier be.
Perhaps I'm keeping you too long, aye,
Longer than I really ought,
But if I've pleased you with my song,
Then I'll say 'Twas a happy thought.

DING, DONG, BELL.

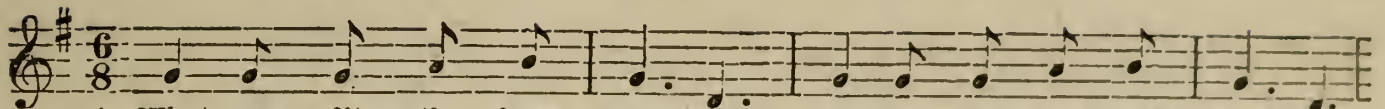
1. Ding dong bell, Pus-sy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit-tle Tom-my Lin:
Who pull'd her out? Lit-tle Tom-my Stout. What a naughty boy was that, To
drown poor pussy eat, Who ne'er did any harm, But kill'd all the mice in his fa-ther's barn!

GIRLS AND BOYS.

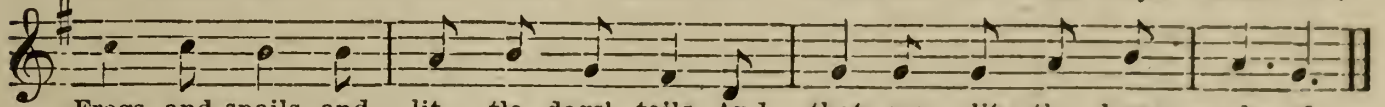
1. Girls and boys, come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your sup-per, and leave your sleep, And join your play-fel-lows in the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all,
Up the ladder, and down the wall;
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.

(To the last half of tune at *)
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.



1. What are lit - tle boys made of? What are lit - tle boys made of?



Frogs and snails, and lit - tle dogs' tails, And that are lit - tle boys made of.

2 What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that are little girls made of.

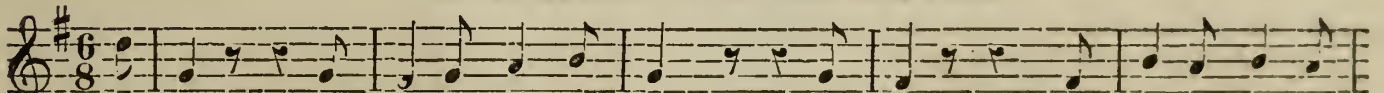
Sighs and leers and crocodile tears,
And that are young men are made of.

3 What are young men made of?
What are young men made of?

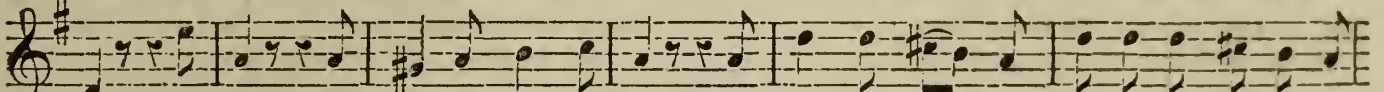
4 What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
And that are young women made of.

TELL JOHN TO SET THE KETTLE ON,

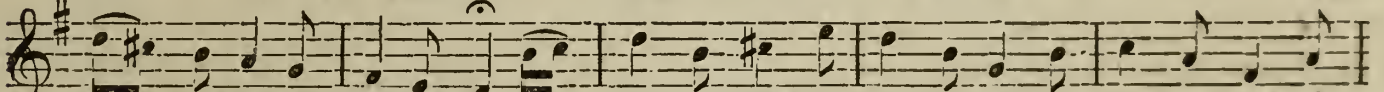
OR THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT FOR 1968.



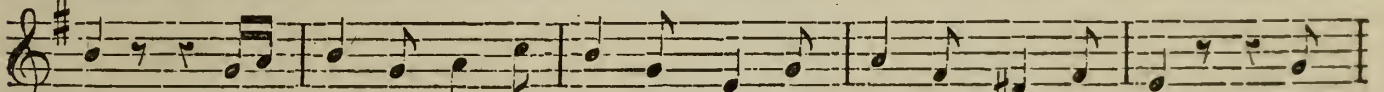
1 Tell John to set the ket-tle on, I mean to take, to take a



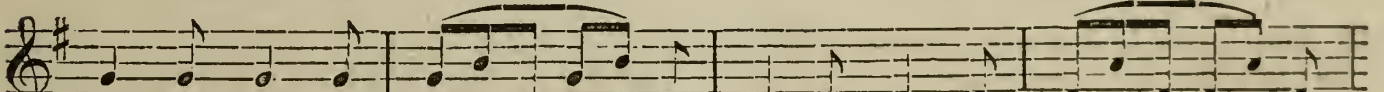
drive, I on - ly want to go to Rome, And shall be back by fi - - - - ve,



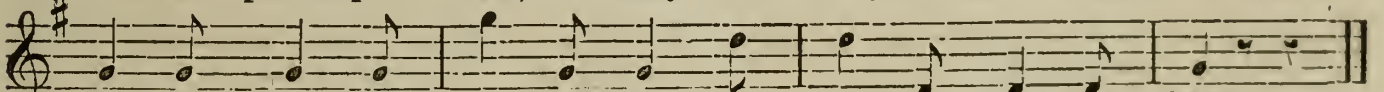
shall be back, be back by five. Tell cook to dress the humming birds I shot at Mex- i



co; They've now been kill'd at least two days: They'll be un peu trop haut; They'll



be un peu trop haut, They'll be un peu trop haut; They'll



be, They'll be, They'll be, They'll be, They'll be, un peu trop haut.

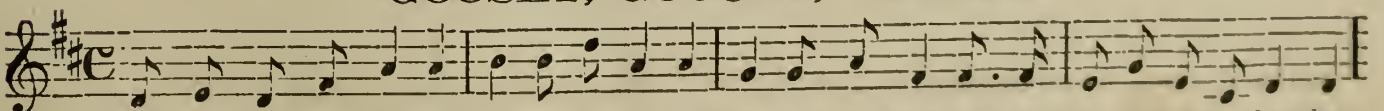
2 And Tom, take you the gold leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three, —
I want some Seville oranges
'Twixt dinner-time and tea;
Fly round by France, and bring
A new perpetual motion gun,—
To-morrow with some friends I go
A hunting in the sun.

For steering through the Milky-way,
He ran against a star;
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

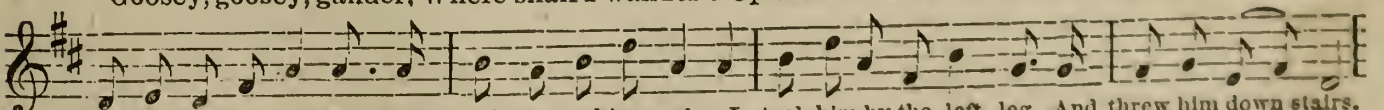
3 The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoilt my new balloon;

4 But Tom, get you the car repair'd;
And then let Danard Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas—
I mean to travel quick.
My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on—
Give me the breath bag, by the way—
All right—hey-whiz—I'm gone!

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.



Goosey, goosey, gander, Where shall I wander? Up stairs down stairs, And in my lady's chamber;

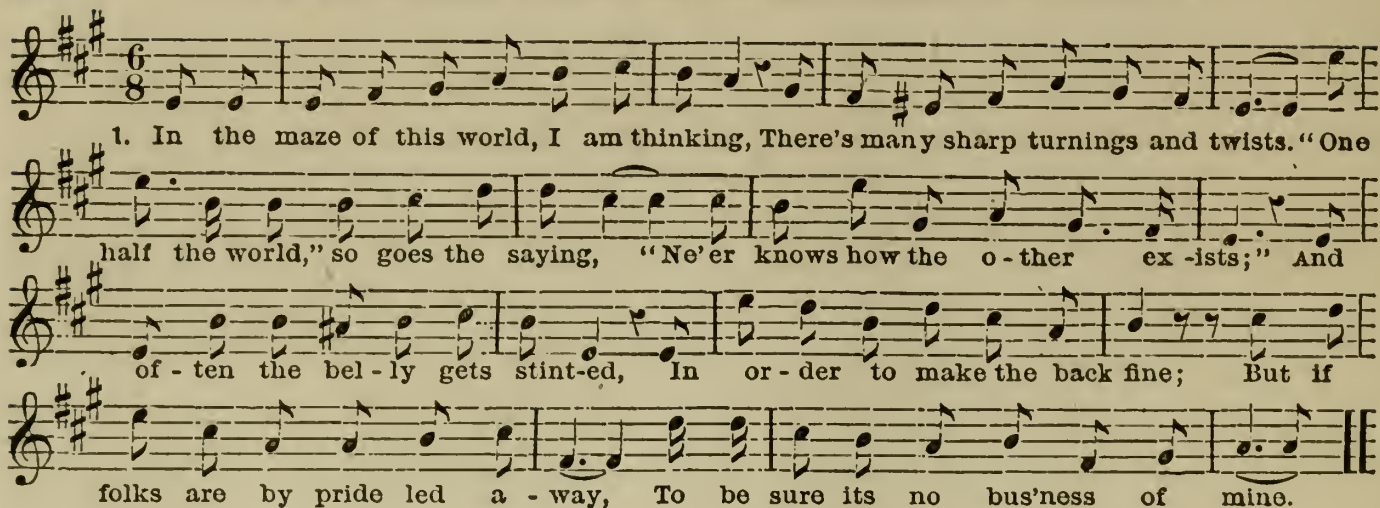


There I met an old man, That would not say his pray'rs; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down stairs.

(Another rhyme to the same tune.)

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear,
But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear;

The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.



1. In the maze of this world, I am thinking, There's many sharp turnings and twists. "One half the world," so goes the saying, "Ne'er knows how the o - ther ex - ists;" And of - ten the bel - ly gets stint - ed, In or - der to make the back fine; But if folks are by pride led a - way, To be sure its no bus'ness of mine.

2.
Mrs. F— and her three grown up daughters
On Sundays attire themselves gay,
From the pawnbroker's, with a large bundle,
I saw them emerge t'other day:
Containing some things that they'd spouted—
To that belief I did incline—
If they choose to their uncle's to go,
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

3.
While walking last week in the city,
I met with my old neighbor Crane,
By the cut of his clothes, I imagined
They smacked very strong of "The Lane."
He'd "hand me down" boots on, I'm certain,
For his "beaver" he gave one and nine;
If he liked to "rig out," "on the cheap,"
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

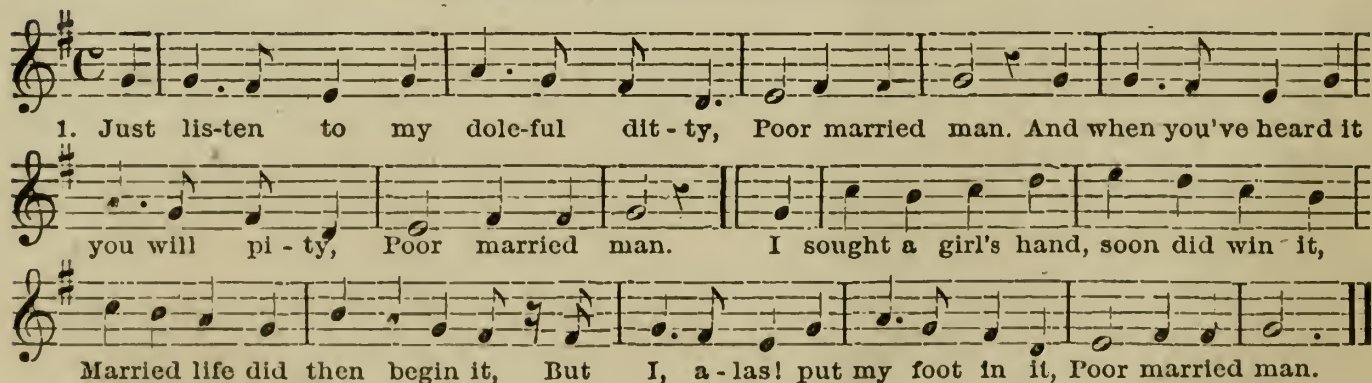
4.
Mr. Smart, who in fine style does come it,
Is reputed to have lots of tin,
He credit obtains, from all quarters,
No doubt in his sleeve he does grin:
They'll all have to "hook" for their money,
They've plainly been got "in a line,"
If he choose to "flateatching" go,
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

5.
'Tis said Mr. Pekin, the grocer,
Was making a fortune quite fast,
But after a time he discovered
'Twas too much of a good thing to last:
He, for having light weights and false balance,
Was mulcted in a pretty large fine,
Though I fancied it served him well right—
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

6.
Mrs. S—, a stout elderly maiden,
A "staggerer" puts upon me,
For the last fifteen years to my know ledge,
Her age has been just thirty-three;
She's a patroness of Madam Rachel,
Does to rouge and cosmetics incline,
Tho' I know she's sixty at least—
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

7.
My song I must really be ending;
By my manners you plainly can see,
Into others' affairs I'm ne'er prying,
There's nothing like that about me.
In applause loud and hearty bestowing,
I beg you will freely combine—
In trying approval to gain
To be sure that's some bus'ness of mine.

POOR MARRIED MAN.



1. Just lis - ten to my dole - ful dit - ty, Poor married man. And when you've heard it you will pi - ty, Poor married man. I sought a girl's hand, soon did win it, Married life did then begin it, But I, a - las! put my foot in it, Poor married man.

2.
The honeymoon was scarcely ended,
Poor married man,
Prove herself master, soon she then did,
Poor married man.
She is, I cannot help declaring,
Very harsh and over-bearing,
In fact, she is the breeches wearing,
Poor married man.

3.
She with the poker, often beats me,
Poor married man,
And otherwise, each day ill treats me,
Poor married man,
She sets me pots and kettles rubbing!
Gives me such a precious snubbing,
If I refuse to do the scrubbing,
Poor married man.

4.

She makes me wash the plates and dishes,
 Poor married man,
 And do the slightest thing she wishes,
 Poor married man,
 My boy of two, who scarce can toddle,
 Is quite ancient in the noddle,
 He points, and calls me "molly coddle,"
 Poor married man.

5.

Six "kids" round me each day assemble,
 Poor married man,
 Not one of them does me resemble!
 Poor married man,

To make things worse, my daughter Chloey,
 Hooked it with a chap called Joey,
 A seedy cove, by trade a "doughy,"
 Poor married man.

6.

The treatment I receive is cruel,
 Poor married man,
 I feel as weak as water gruel,
 Poor married man,
 I'd, in the butt, my life cut shorter,
 But they last week cut off our water,
 Because we didn't pay last quarter.
 Poor married man.

A GLASS IS GOOD, AND A LASS IS GOOD.

1. A glass is good, and a lass is good, And a pipe is good in cold weather: the world is good, and the people are good, And we're all good fellows together. A bottle is a very good thing, With a good deal of good wine in it; A song is good, when a body can sing, And to finish, we must begin it. For a glass is good, and a lass is good, And a pipe is good in cold weather; The world is good, and the people are good, And we're all good fellows to - ge-ther.

2.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him;
 For a justice good the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you'll buy him;
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead;
 A rogue very good for good hanging;
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 And my song deserves a good banging.
 For a glass, etc.

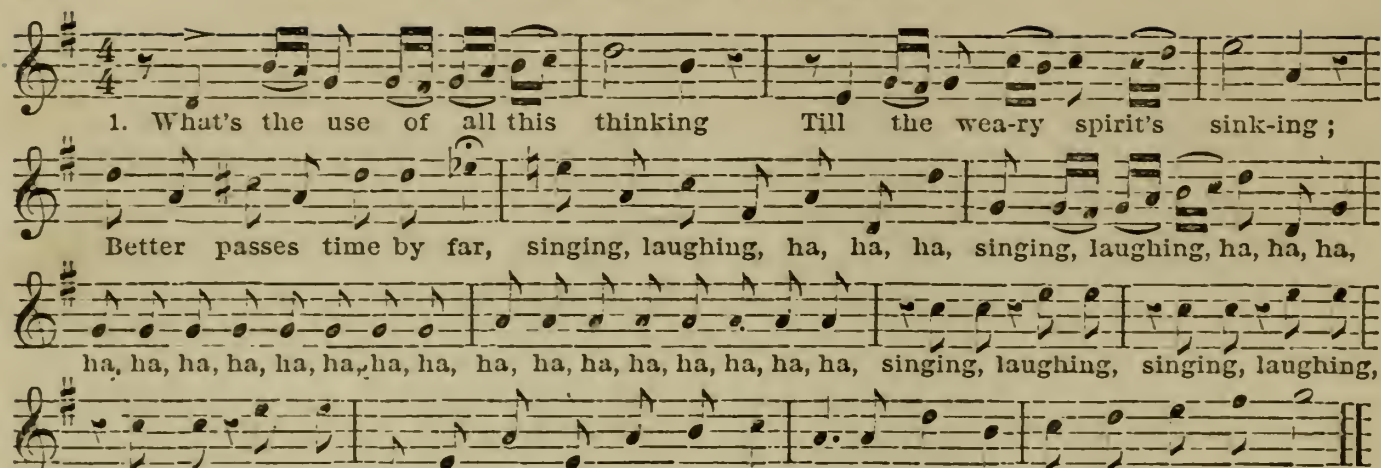
CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA.

1. 'Tis sweet on summer eve to rove A - down the river Jolka: But oh; it is a sweeter thing by far, to dance the Polka. Can't you dance the Polka? Wont you dance the Polka? The joys of earth are little worth Un-less you dance the Polka.

2 Young ladies wanting husbands true,
 You must dance the Polka;
 And bachelors, if you would wed,
 Why you must dance the Polka.
 Can't you dance, &c.

3 Now, married folks of each degree,
 If your children you would see
 Happy, prosperous, and free,
 Pray teach them all the Polka.
 Can't you dance, &c.

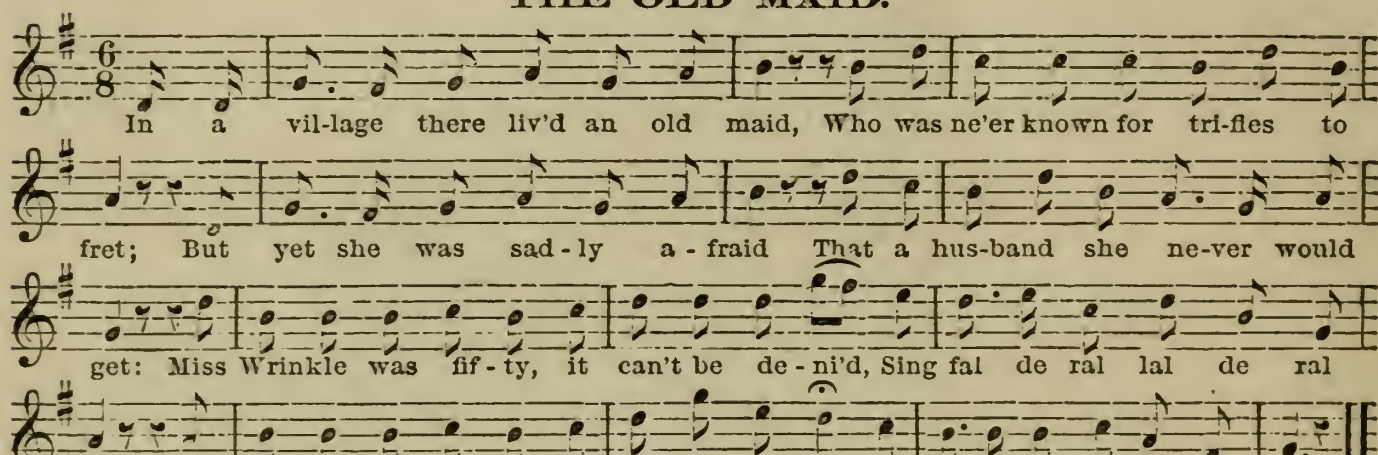
THE LAUGHING SONG.



1. What's the use of all this thinking Till the wea-ry spirit's sink-ing ;
 Better passes time by far, singing, laughing, ha, ha, ha, singing, laughing, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, singing, laughing, singing, laughing,
 singing, laughing! Better passes time by far singing, laughing, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

2 When the dream of life is over, That the plan is better far
 What does wisdom then discover; Singing, laughing, ha, ha, ha.

THE OLD MAID.



In a vil-lage there liv'd an old maid, Who was ne'er known for tri-fles to
 fret; But yet she was sad-ly a - fraid That a hus-band she ne-ver would
 get: Miss Wrinkle was fif-ty, it can't be de-ni'd, Sing fal de ral lal de ral
 de! Yet still to be married she con-stant-ly sigh'd, Sing fal de ral lal de ral de!

2. She went in the garret to pray,
 And hoping her pray'rs might be granted,
 She never omitted a day
 To name in her pray'rs what she wanted.
 For, though she was fifty, it can't be denied—
 Sing fal de ral lal de ral de!
 That still to be married she constantly sigh'd,
 Sing fal de ral lal de ral de!
- 3 A thatcher, one day, through the roof,
 At her pray'rs did espy this old dove ;
 Then popp'd in his head—gave her proof
 Her devotions were heard from above :
 " Will a thatcher do for you, Miss Wrinkle ?
 quoth he—
 Sing fal de ral lal de ral de !
 "For better or worse, I'll consent," replied she,
 Sing fal de ral lal de ral de.

NELL FLAUGHERTY'S DRAKE.

1. My name is Nell, right candid I tell,
 And I live near a cool hill I never will deny,
 I had a large drake the truth for to spake,
 My grandfather left me when going to die;
 He was merry and sound, and would weigh
 twenty pound,
 The universe round would I rove for his sake,
 Bad luck to the robber, be he drunk or sober,
 That murdered Nell Flaugherty's beautiful drake.
2. His neck it was green, and rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
 His body so white, it would you delight,
 He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
 This dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
 He could fly like a swallow, or swim like a hake,
 But some wicked habbage, to grease his white
 cabbage,
 Has murdered Nell Flaugherty's beautiful drake.
3. May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
 That a ghost may him haunt in the dark of the
 night,
 May his hens never lay, may his horse never
 neigh,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.
 May his duck never quack, may his goose be
 turned black,
 And pull down his stack with his long yellow beak,
 May the scurvy and itch never part from the
 bitch,
 Of the wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherty's
 drake.
4. [blow,
 May his rooster ne'er crow, may his bellows not
 Nor potatoes to grow,—may he never have none,—
 May his cradle not rock, may chest have no lock,
 May his wife have no frock for to shade her
 back bone,

That the bugs and the fleas may this wicked wretch tease,
And a piercing north breeze make him tremble or shake,
May a four year's old bug build a nest in the lug,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

6.

[broke,

May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be
And add to the joke, may his kettle not boil,
May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
May he always be fed on lobsouse and fish oil;
May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
May he roar, howl and shout with a horrid tooth-ache,

May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,
May the curse of each hag that ever carried a bag,
Light down on the wag till his head it turn gray;
May monkeys still bite him, and mad dogs affright him,
And every one slight him asleep or awake,
May wasps ever gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him,

The monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

8.

May his temple wear horns and his toes corns,
The wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

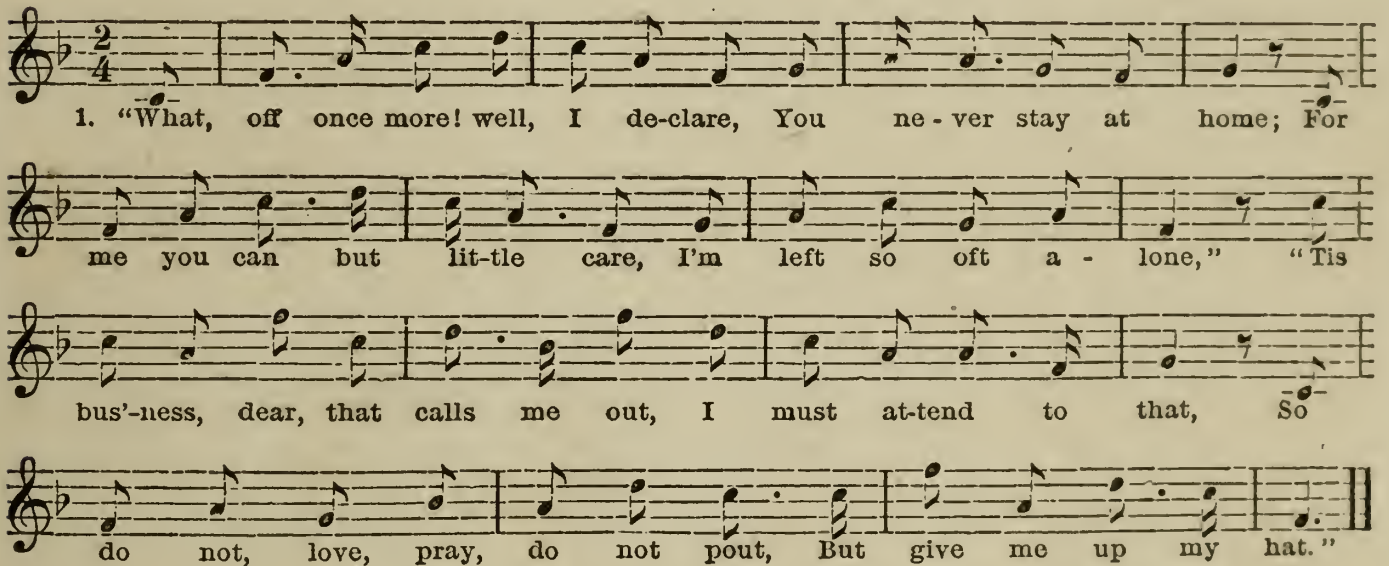
But the only good news I have to diffuse,
Is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade,
And crooked Ned Manson, and big nose Bob Hanson,

Each one had a grandson of my beautiful drake.
Oh, my bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,

7.

May his dog yelp and howl with both hunger and cold,
And one I must have, or my heart it will break,
To keep mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,
And so ends the song of my beautiful drake.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.



1. "What, off once more! well, I de-clare, You ne-ver stay at home; For
me you can but lit-tle care, I'm left so oft a-lone," "Tis
bus'-ness, dear, that calls me out, I must at-tend to that, So
do not, love, pray, do not pout, But give me up my hat."

2.

"O! bus'ness ne'er can call you out
So often, and so long;
I do believe, without a doubt,
That something must be wrong."

3.

"You must misjudge—indeed you do,—
My meaning and design;
My love for you is strong and true,
But bus'ness claims my time."

4.

"O would that I was once more free,
I'd keep a single life;
And never wish again to be
A poor deluded wife."

5.

"My life,—my love—my fairest one,
Pray let your rancour cease:
You make me anxious to be gone,
That I may be at peace."

6.

"O! yes,—make haste,—I plainly see
Your strong desire to go;
It is not as it used to be:
Your growing cold, I know."

7.

"Come, come, dear wife, let's have no more,
I am not growing cold:
Aside, and let me ope the door,—
Now pray leave go your hold."

8.

"How very different now it seems,
How proud you used to be,
If you could get, by any means,
To sit and chat with me!"

9.

"And so I am, my dearest, now;
But, as I said before,
'Tis bus'ness calls me out,—I vow
You're getting quite a bore!"

10.

"O, certainly a bore!—No doubt,
'Tis bus'ness fills your mind;
From morn till night you're always out,
But wife is left behind."

11.

"You surely cannot always want
Me dangling by your side;
I love as much,—depend upon't,
As ere you were my bride."

12.

"You do! then say without delay,
Why you appear so strange;
Have I e'er vex'd you? tell me, pray,
For surely there's a change."

13.

"I never change, although the times
Are chang'd, I do confess;
I ever strive, by looks and signs,
To show my tenderness."

14.

"Well, here's your hat,—I do agree
Henceforth you may go out;—
That is, if you will promise me
To mind what you're about."

15.

"I thank you, wife,—but listen, pray,
The truth must come at last:
I sought you once, I'm bold to say,
But now I have you fast."

16.

"Well, husband dear! let discord cease—
No more each one annoy;
In future we will live in peace,
And love without alloy."

17.

"Foul jealousy, get thee away,
And let us drown all sorrow,—
Live every day that so we may
Be happy on the morrow!"

JOHN NOTT.

1. John Nott, he liv'd on Lud-gate Hill, 'Twas there his trade be - gan, And as he kept a
li-ve-ry, Was thought a stable man; Paper, and pens, and ink he sold, And tho' the times might
va - ry, Thro' prudence, in his lit-tle shop, He still kept sta-tion-a-ry, He still kept sta-tion-
a - ry. John Nott, why not, why not, John Nott, why not, why not, John Nott.

2.

He was NOTT tall—he was not short;
He was NOTT dark—not fair;
He was NOTT fat—he was not lean,
Yet NOTT was very spare.
His gross amount was very large,
And people said indeed,
Although JOHN NOTT did bear much weight,
He always was *in-kneed*,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

3.

JOHN NOTT, he dearly loved Miss Twist,
So did *untwist* his love,
And vowed, although a milliner,
Her *Cap-tive* he would prove;
But she was *cap-tious*, and a flirt,
And made JOHN NOTT her sport,
For as she could love no man *Long*,
She quickly cut NOTT *short*,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

4.

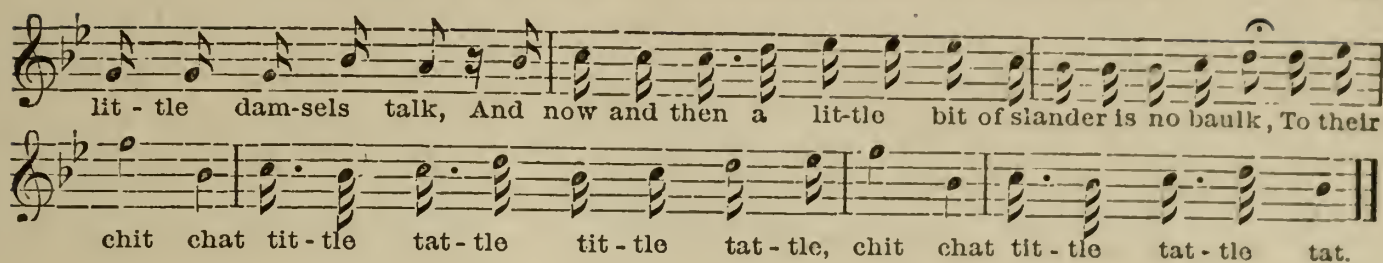
JOHN NOTT declared he was undone
(And so he wrote her word),
For a connubial NOTT he hoped
To prove, with her *ac-cord*;
Miss Twist, you've *twined* around my heart,
Whate'er may be my lot,
Though we're not *joined*, yet we're *a-part*,
Adieu, forget me NOTT,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

5.

JOHN NOTT resolved to put an end
To all his mortal battles,
And having none with him to *chat*,
He sold-off all his *chattels*:
And so, forlorn, his home he sought,
And tied a little *knot*—
Twist broke his heart, and *twine* his neck,
And poor JOHN NOTT, was not,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

PRETTY LITTLE DAMSELS.

1. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels, how they chat. Chit chat lit-tle tat-tle tat,
All a-bout their sweethearts and all that, And chit chat tit-tle tat-tle tat;
Up and down the ci-tty how the lit-tle dam-sels walk, And of the beaus and fashions how the



2.

Pretty little damsels go to cheapen in the shops,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
Pretty little bonnets and pretty little caps,
And to Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
A little bit of rouge and a nice little fan,
A nice little miniature of a nice little man,
Or any little nice thing of which they can,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.

3.

Pretty little damsels go to feast their eyes,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
But the splendid panorama cannot suffice,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.
Their little parasols and their pretty little veils,
And the pretty little kid boots with high military
heels,
And all the pretty little things the little damsel
feels, For Chit chat tittle tattle tat.

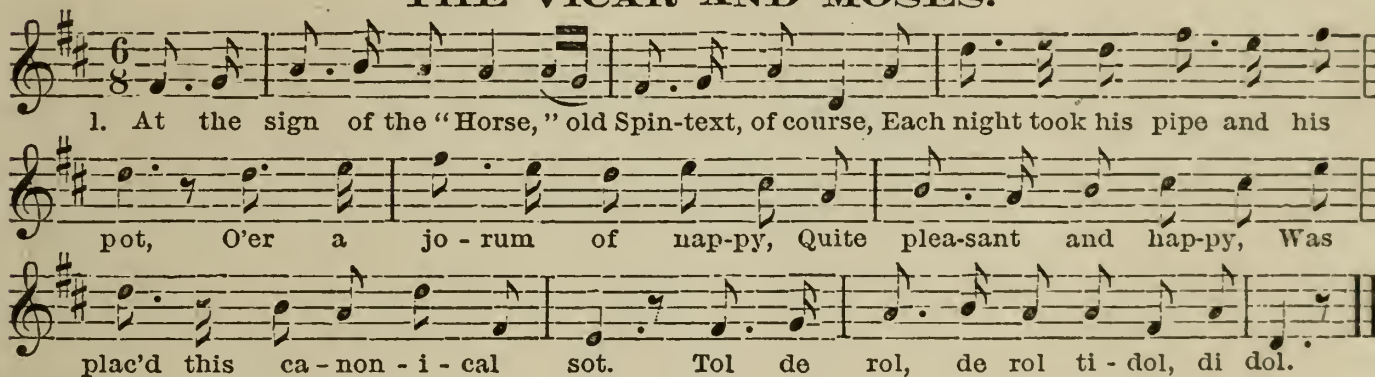
4.

Pretty little damsels, how prettily they run,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
For a little bit of flat'ry and a little bit of fun,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
The pretty little nose and the pretty little chin,
The pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
And the pretty little tongue to keep admirers in,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.

5.

Pretty little damsels, when they're wed,
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum;
Their pretty little foibles all are fled;
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum;
Their pretty little airs so bewitchingly wild,
Evaporate so prettily and leave them so mild,
Then all their tittle tattle is about the little child,
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.



2.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First stroked his cravat, than twirl'd round his
hat,
And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.
Tol de rol, &c.

6.

"Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some,
d'ye hear?
I hate to be called from my liquor.
Come, Moses, the king; 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a vicar."
Tol de rol, &c.

3.

"I'm come, sir," said he, "to beg, look, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may
be,
And I'll walk with the lantern before you."
Tol de rol, &c.

7.

Then Moses he 'spoke; "Sir, 'tis past twelve
o'clock,
Besides, there's a terrible shower;"
"Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,
I am sure it can never strike more.

4.

"The body we'll bury, but pray where's the
hurry?"
"Why, Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;"
"You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away."
Tol de rol, &c.

8.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,
that's plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold."
Tol de rol, &c.

5.

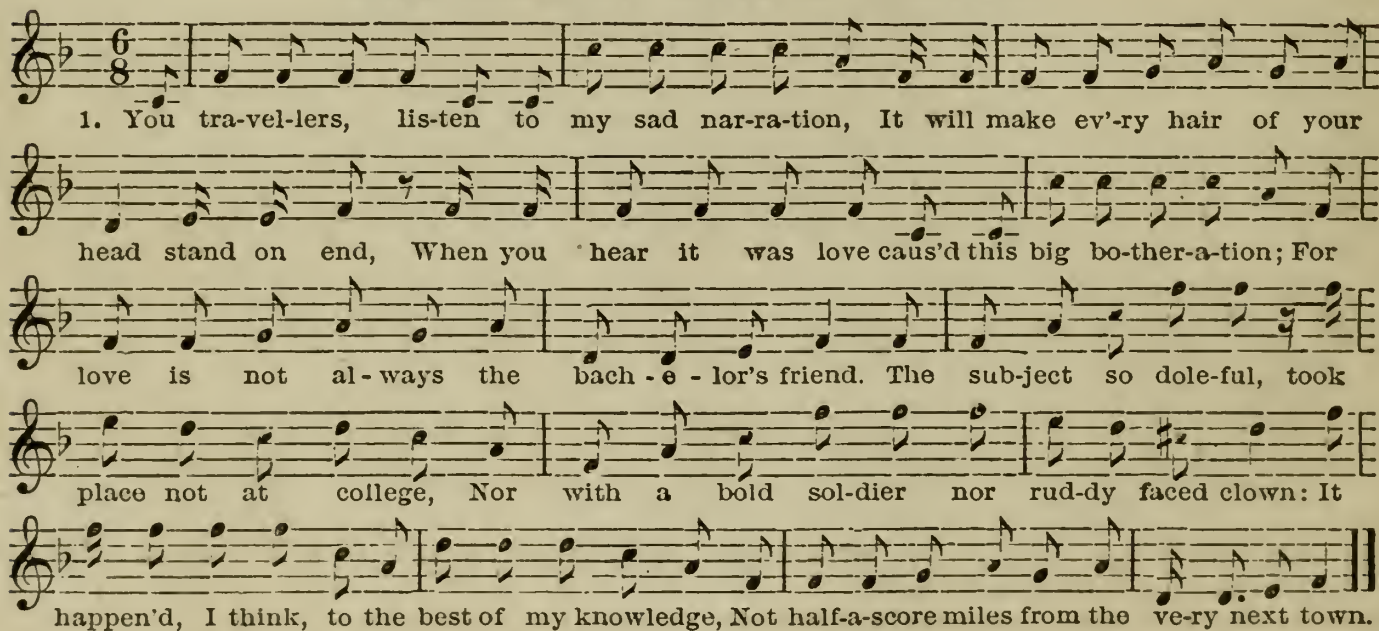
Then Moses he smil'd, saying, "Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions;"
"Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions."
Tol de rol, &c.

9

Then Moses went on; "Sir, the clock has struck
[one,
Pray, master, look up at the hand;"
"Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man to walk on that can't stand."
Tol de rol, &c.

10. At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first crammin'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd on side by side.
Tol de rol, &c.
11. When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.
Tol de rol, &c.
12. " Good people, let's pray ; put the corpse t'other
way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.
Tol de rol, &c.
13. " Woman that's of a man born ; that's wrong, the
leaf's torn ;
A man, that is born of a woman, [flower ;
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a
Singing tol de rol, de rol, ti dol, di dol.
- You see, Moses, death spareth no man.
Tol de rol, &c.
14. " Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turned upside down ;
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the crown.
Tol de rol, &c.
15. Prithee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead. "
(" Amen ! Amen ! ")
16. " Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your
tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head. "
Tol de rol, &c.
16. " 'O where's thy sting, death?' put the corpse in
the earth,
For believe me, 'tis terrible weather. "
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a
word,
And away they both staggered together,
Singing tol de rol, de rol, ti dol, di dol.

THE SWEET WIDOW BROWN.



1. You tra-vel-lers, lis-ten to my sad nar-ra-tion, It will make ev'-ry hair of your
head stand on end, When you hear it was love caus'd this big bo-ther-a-tion ; For
love is not al-ways the bach-e-lor's friend. The sub-ject so dole-ful, took
place not at college, Nor with a bold sol-dier nor rud-dy faced clown : It
happen'd, I think, to the best of my knowledge, Not half-a-score miles from the ve-ry next town.

2. A traveller, pregnant with frolic and witty,
Resolved on a journey to mend his estate ;
A female he thought to neglect was a pity,
He worshipped the sex, morning, evening,
and late.
He stopped at a widow's, so plump, neat, and
jolly,
Who kept the best inn, 'twas the sign of the
Crown ;
Her smiles to attract, gentles found out the folly,
So tasty a dame was the sweet Mrs. Brown.
3. In eloquence few could surpass this fair creature,
Her tongue rolled in numberless figures and
chat ;
Her wit, the satirical mixed with good-nature ;
In love it was said she knew what she was at.
She had an admirer, the tall Mr. Gammon,
A farmer polite near the end of the town ;
Who swore he would hang up as high as old
Haman,
If he couldn't wed with the sweet Mrs. Brown.
4. The traveller saw how his jokes were requited,
She listened and nodded assent to his song ;
She seemed both in heart and in soul quite
delighted,
While joy filled the bar where the customers
throng.
But Gammon alone, who looked sour and uneasy,
So cheerless his eyelids both swell'd with a
frown ; [crazy,
Some thought the poor farmer at once would run
'Twas apples and nuts to the sweet widow
[Brown.
5. The bottle and glass circled freely around 'em,
The song and the glee produced lots of delight ;
The hours told their tales, until twelve o'clock
found them,
Determined to make a blest end of the night.
This traveller, full of a lark, and half mellow,
Had found that his time had just come to lie
down,
So in a mistake, did this humorous fellow,
Pop into the berth of the sweet widow Brown.

6. At daylight, when Sol thro' the curtain was peeping,
 He awoke while the widow lay close by his side,
 Then viewed her so modestly as she lay sleeping,
 And whispered, "Awake, love, you'll soon be a bride!"

7. Next morning, when Gammon had heard the sad story,
 He bellowed, he bounced, and next threatened his life;
 He swore that in mischief all travellers glory,
 They lost him the chance of a widow and wife.

"O La! Sir," she cried, "I declare you amaze me,
 This accident soon must be known through the town;
 But as I conjecture you're born for to please me,
 I'm yours, and no longer the sweet widow Brown."

The traveller urged him to pay his addresses
 To some farmer's daughter his sorrows to drown;
 He'd find his best comfort in rural caresses,
 As he'd got the start with the sweet widow Brown.

I DON'T OBJECT.

1. I don't object, I don't object To see you e-ver pleas'd and
 gay; And while gallants a-round you play, That you your hus-band should neg-
 lect,—I don't ob-ject,—I don't ob-ject, I don't object, But's death to meet, where'er I
 go, An im - pu-dent, an - noy-ing beau, Whose e-vil mo-tives I sus-pect— I do ob-
 ject, I do ob-ject; I do ob-ject; I do ob-ject: oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh
 yes, To that I do ob-ject,—oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, To that I do ob-
 ject, I do ob-ject, I do ob-ject, I do ob-ject.

2.
 I don't object, I don't object,
 To pay for trinkets without end;
 Nay, my whole fortune to expend,
 To see you fashionably deck'd—
 I don't object, I don't object;
 But to your seeking to make me,
 One of those husbands whom we see,
 Forming so numerous a sect—
 I do object, I do object!
 O yes, to that I do object!

3.
 I don't object, I don't object,
 To be precise, and not coquet;
 And not to run you more in debt,
 Then you in reason can expect—
 I don't object, I don't object;
 But that a husband should presume,
 The tyrant ever to assume,
 And dare to lecture and correct—
 I do object, I do object!
 Oh yes, to that, I do object!

THE MERRY BELLS OF LONDON TOWN.

1. Lend me five shil-lings, says the bell of St. Helen's; When will you pay me? Says the
 bells of Old Bai - ley; When I am rich, Says the bells of Shore - ditch;
 When will that be? Says the bells of Step - ney; I do not know, Says the
 great bell of Bow. Ding ding dong ding ding dong ding dong ding ding dong.

DON'T YOU GO, TOMMY.

1. You'll rue it, my boy, now mind what I say, Don't spend all your mon-ey and
time in that way, There's no one but idlers that lounge a-bout so, I beg of you, Tommy, don't
go. We're fee-ble and old, your moth-er and me; And kind to us both you
ev-er should be. To whiskey-shops, billiards, and cards bid a-dieu, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.

CHORUS.

Don't you go, Tommy, don't go, Stay at home, Tommy, don't go, There's
no one but idlers that lounge a-bout so, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.

2. Why don't you be steady, and work like a man, I can't hold the plow, but still do what I can,
There's so much to do, and our grain we must sow, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.
Besides, there is corn and potatoes to plant, You're young and can stand it, you know that
I can't. Let whiskey alone, for it grieves mother so, I beg of you Tommy, don't go. CHO.

3. We've watch'd o'er you Tommy, in sweet infancy, Whilst angels were silently beck'ning to thee,
At midnight we knelt by your cradle so low, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.
Be kind to us Tommy, we'll soon pass away, The farm will be yours, at no distant day,
Eternity's blessing you'll reap if you sow, O, Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go. CHO.

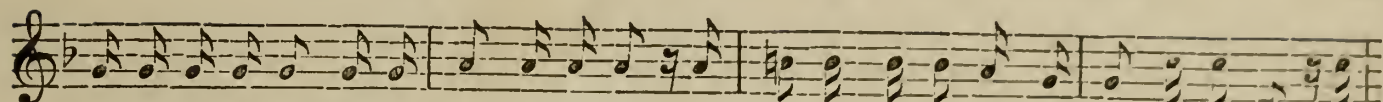
ELEGY ON MADAME BLAIZE.

1. Good people all with one ac-cord, lament for Madame Blaize, Who never wanted
a good word For those who spoke her praise. The needy seldom pass'd her door, and
al-ways found her kind; She free-ly lent to all poor Who left a pledge be-hind.

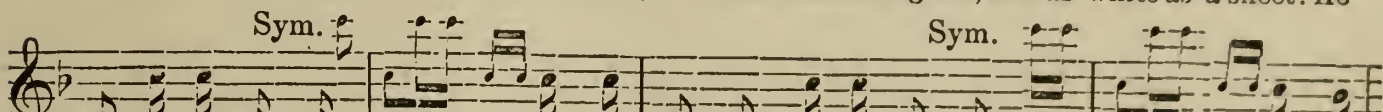
- 2 She strove the neighborhood to please, with manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways, unless when she was sinning.
At church, in silk and satin new, with hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew, but when she shut her eyes.
- 3 Her love was sought, I do a'er, by twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her, when she has walked before.
But now, her wealth and finery fled, her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead, her last disorder mortal.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

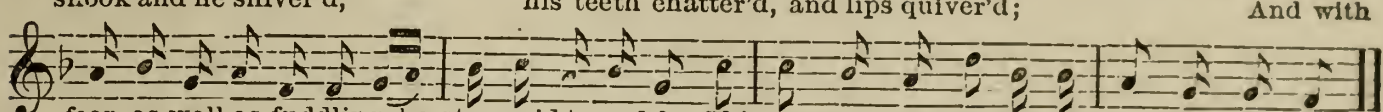
1. A queer lit-tle man, ve-ry "how came you so," Went home on a din-gy night; It was
past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go, And he walk'd like a crab, left and right. At the



corner of a lane quite a lone-ly re-treat, He saw something tall, and as white as a sheet: He

Sym.  Sym.

shook and he shiver'd, his teeth chatter'd, and lips quiver'd; And with

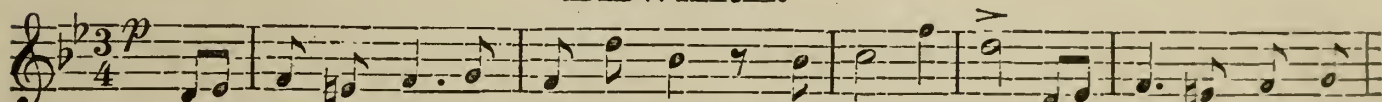


fear, as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to and fro, This queer lit-tle man, who'd a long way to go.

2. This queer little man then fell on his knees,
With fright you'd suppose half dead;
And, as on it he looked, it o'er topped the trees,
And had two saucer eyes in its head;
When a very death-like voice said, in a very drear
tone,
"With me you must go, for your grave's nearly
done;"
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered and lips quivered;
When he cried, "O, good hobgoblin, I pray you
mercy show,
A queer little man, who's a long way to go."

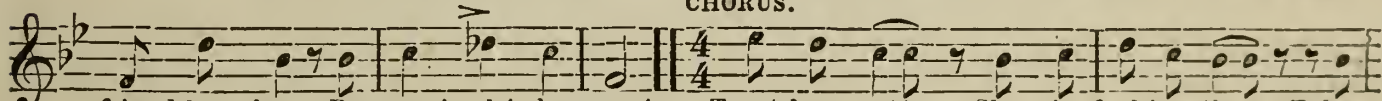
3. This queer little man, he fell flat as a flail,
A great explosion heard he,
And jumped up in a crack—for a cracker at his tail
Set him capering just like a parched pea;
From around the goblin's head burst some long
streams of fire,
And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in
the mire.
Some wags ('twas a whacker,) Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker.
Cured through fear, of all his fuddling, complete-
ly, you must know,
This queer little man, who'd a long way to go.

BEWARE.

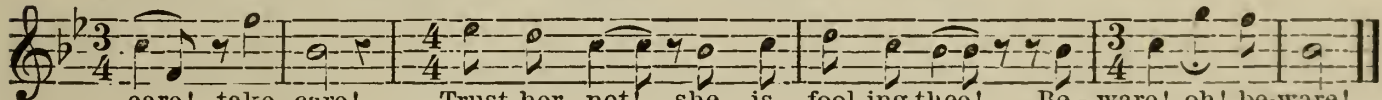


1. I know a maid-en fair to see,— Take care! take care! She can both false and
2. She has two eyes, so soft and brown—Take care! take care! She gives a side glance

CHORUS.



friend-ly be; Be-ware! oh! be-ware! *p* Trust her not! She is fool-ing thee Take
and looks down; Be-ware! oh! be-ware! Trust her not! &c.

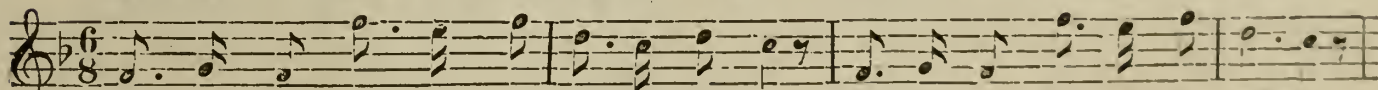


care! take care! Trust her not! she is fool-ing thee! Be-ware! oh! be-ware!

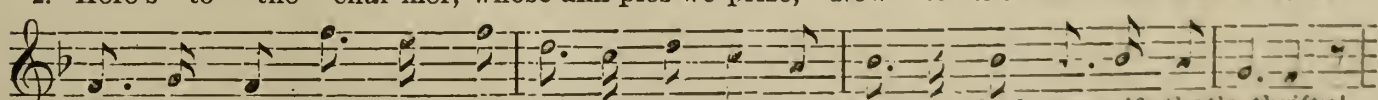
3.
And she has hair of a golden hue,—
Take care! take care!
And what she says, it is not true,—
Beware! oh! beware!
Trust her not, &c.

4.
She gives thee a garland woven fair,—
Take care! take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,—
Beware! oh! beware!
Trust her not, &c.

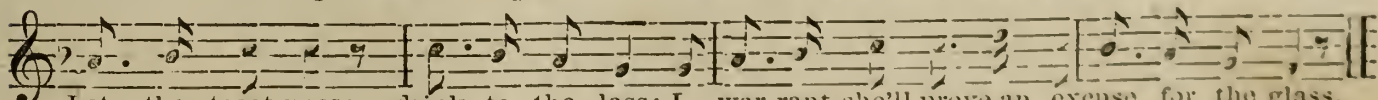
HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.



1. Here's to the maid-en of bash-ful fif-teen, Here's to the wid-ow of fifty:
2. Here's to the char-mer, whose dim-ples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir!



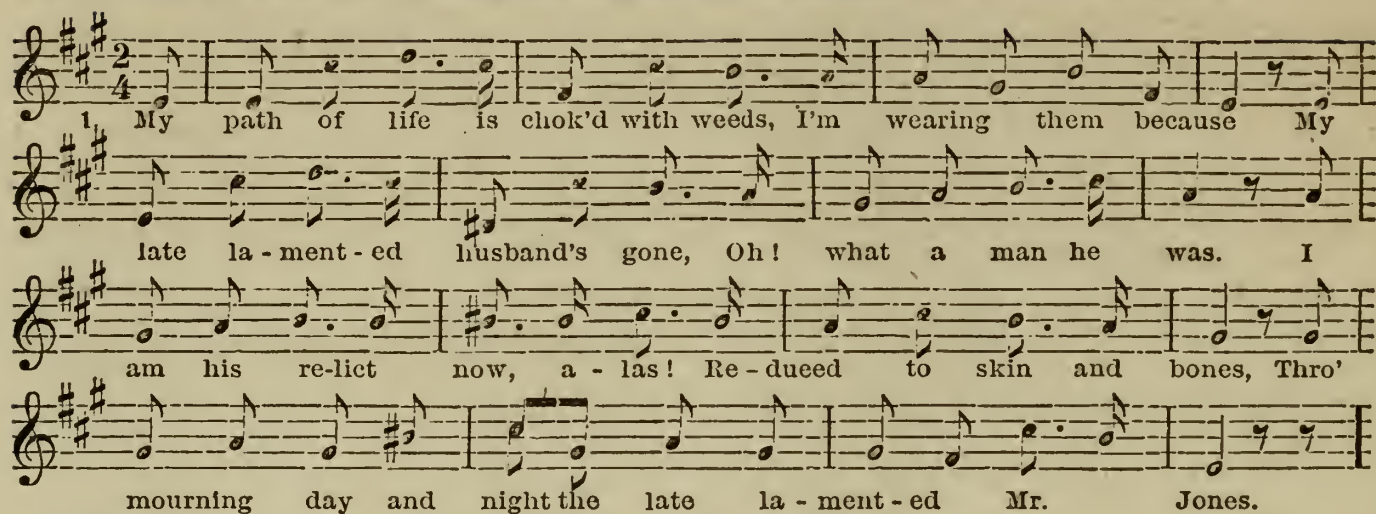
Here's to the flaunting ex-trav-a-gant queen, And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty!
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!



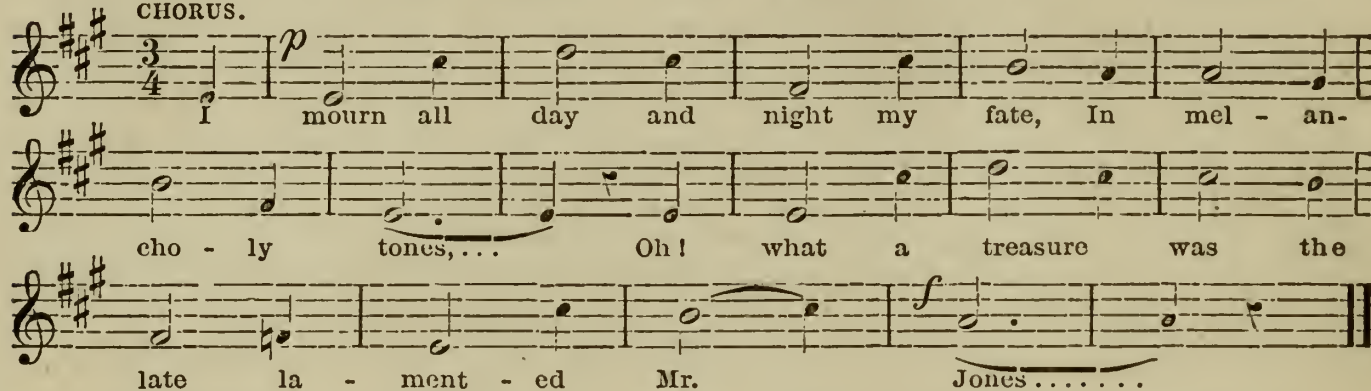
Let the toast pass; drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

3 Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's brown as a berry!
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry!

4 Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
Fill up your glasses—nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together!



CHORUS.



2 We used to keep a public house,
'Twas call'd the "Lover's Arms,"
And lots of nice young men came in,
Attracted by my charms.
They'd squeeze my hand and talk to me
In such bewitching tones,
Which often raised the ire of
The late lamented Jones.

3 He trusted me with any one,
And never had a doubt,
The last at night who came to bed,
Would put the candle out.
But now, alas! I have to pass
My nights in tears and moans,
And put the candle out, and not
The late lamented Jones.

4 He really was a model man,
And sober, so to speak,
I never knew him tipsy,
More than seven times a week;
But one day with a pewter pot,
(Their hearts were hard as stones:)

They knock'd upon the head, the late
Lamented Mr. Jones.

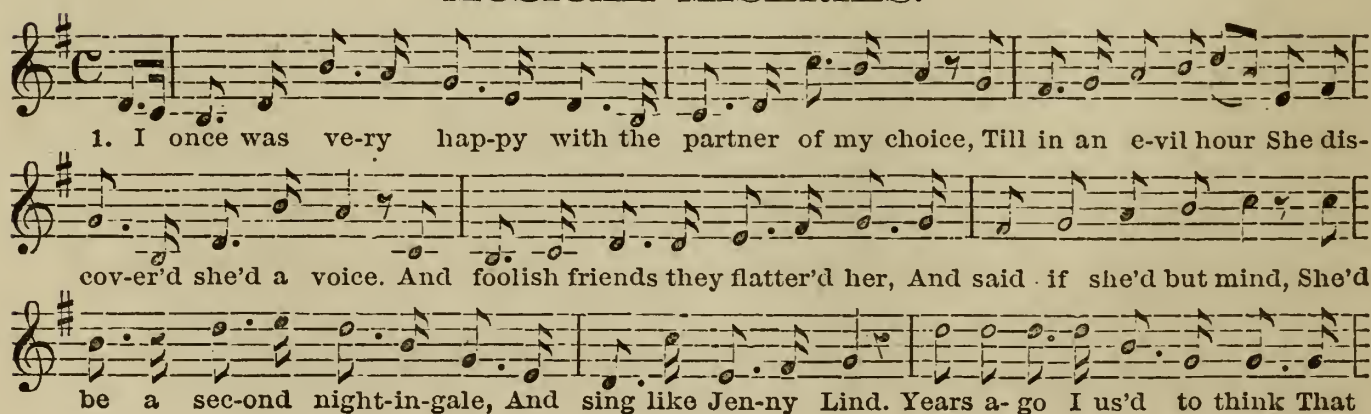
Spoken after 4th Verse.—And he died quite
peaceful, poor man; and his last words were that
he was quite happy, because he'd bested quite as
many as ever bested him.

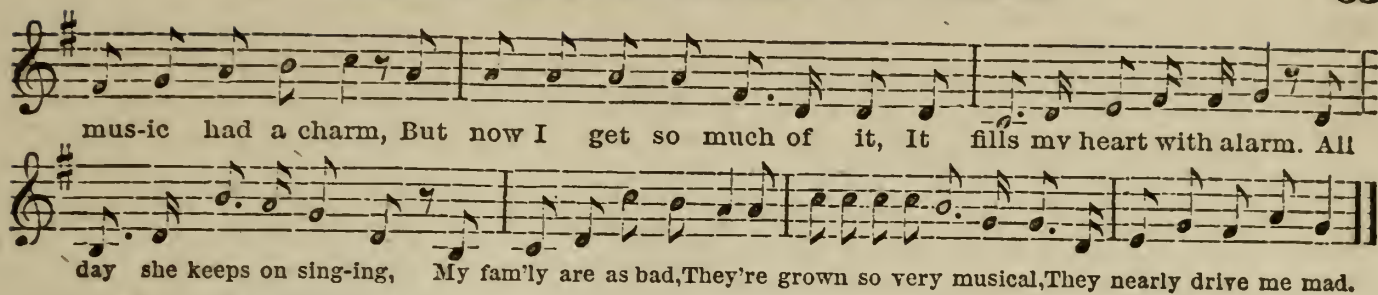
5 There's Mr.—Robinson,
A man who's well to do in life,
Or Mr.—Brown the green grocer,
Would have me for a wife;
The one makes love upon his knees,
The other sighs and groans,
But bless you not a patch upon
The late lamented Jones.

6 My time of mourning's nearly o'er,
I think I'd better go.
Some forward chap I saw just now
Was laughing at my woe;
But though I'm bound to pass the time
In tears and sighs and moans,
I may find a successor to
The late lamented Jones.

Spoken after 6th Verse.—But until I find one—

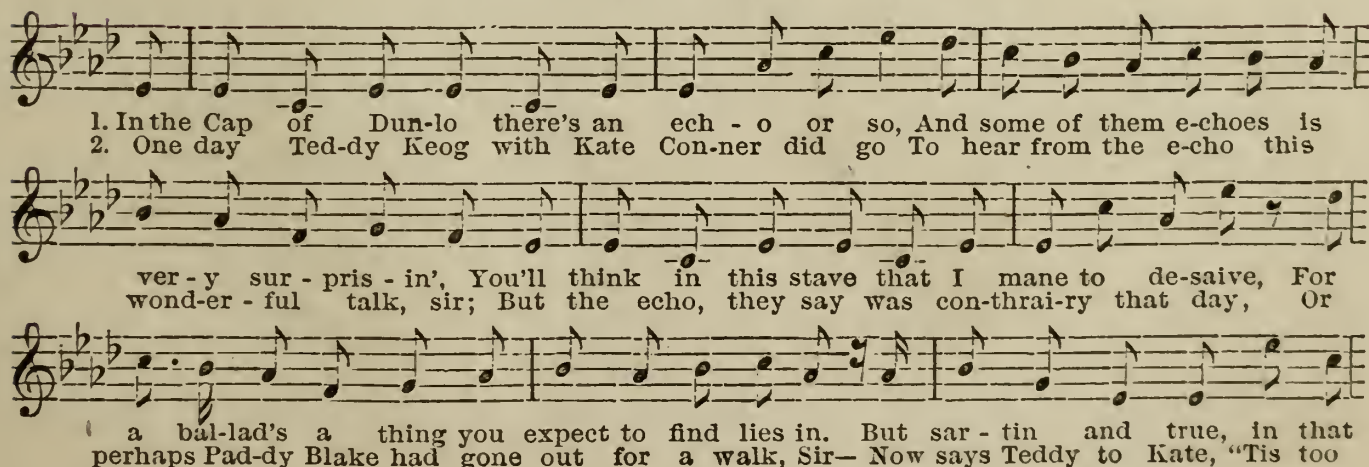
MUSICAL MISERIES.

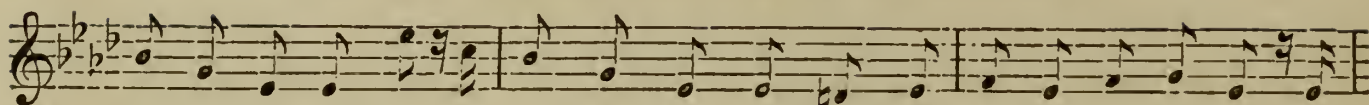




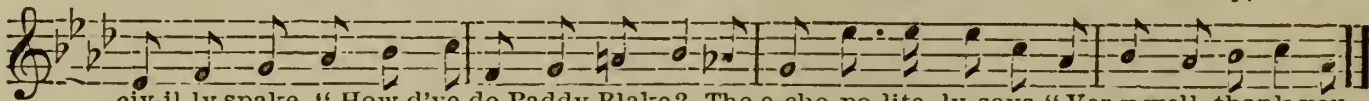
- 2 By friends I'm quite deserted, not one do I see,
For twice a week my wife she holds her Musical Soiree.
My house is filled with foreigners, who squall and bawl and strum,
Until I wish that I was dead, or else that they were dumb.
My daughter once so dutiful, on marriage now is bent,
With a seedy looking German, and she asked for my consent.
And when I told her plainly I'd not hear of such a thing,
She merely giggled in my face and then began to sing,
I will marry my own love, My own love, my own love,
I will marry my own love, or know the reason why.
- 3 There's Fred, my son, who never gave me reason to complain,
Till silly songs and sentiment completely turned his brain.
Imagines he's a gentleman, tho' dresses like a cad,
Calls his father Gov'ner, and addresses me as Dad.
About the house from morn till night, incessantly he bawls
Slangy song and simple strains, picked up at music halls.
Neglects his work, and fancies an heiress he will wed,
And says he's quite a ladies' man, and fashionable Fred.
And he's just about the cut for Belgravia, to keep the game alive it is the plan,
And he means to go ahead, For he's fashionable Fred,
Yes, fashionable Fred, the ladies' man.
- 4 The boy-in-waiting, Joseph, once the smartest and the best,
Is getting quite unbearable, he's worse than all the rest;
If I ask him on an errand his activity to show,
He smiles upon me vacantly, and whistles "Not for Joe."
He stays with every organ man that he may chance to meet,
And follows any German band for hours through the street.
If I threaten to discharge him, as I must without a doubt,
And ask who he thinks he is, he'll then begin to shout,
I never had a pa, I never had a ma, to teach me right from wrong,
But oh my, I never say die, I'm as happy as the days are long.
- 5 They say I'm very cynical, but that I call a sin,
I simply want my dinner, and get nothing but a din.
Or if my nerves are shaken, and I want a cup of tea,
I get a dismal Overture, or "Beethoven in C."
I would not care a pin if they could either play or sing,
But when it's nothing but a noise, it's quite another thing.
A "common chord" will end my woes, I cannot bear the strain,
And the verdict on me will be died with music on the brain.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.





hill for-nist you There's an e - cho as thrue and as safe as the bank too, Just
hard to be bate By this deaf and dumb baste of an e - cho so la - zy, But

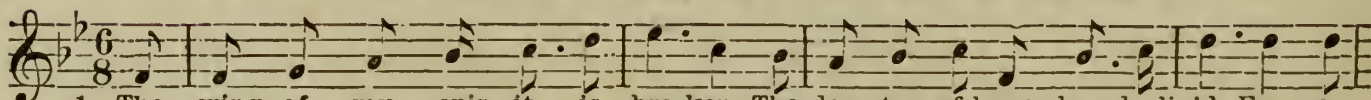


civ-il-ly spake, "How d'ye do Paddy Blake?—The e-cho po-lite-ly says "Ver-y well, thank you.
if we both shout to each oth-er, no doubt We'll make up an echo be-tween us, my dai-sy!

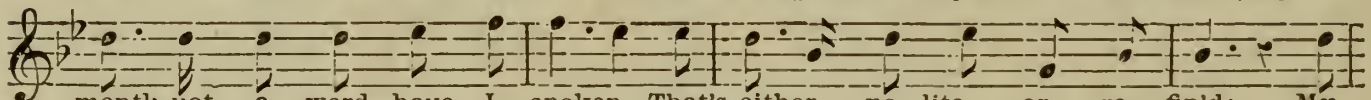
- 3 "Now Kitty," says Teddy, "to answer be ready,"
"Oh very well thank you," cries out Kitty, then, sir,
"Would you like to be wed, Kitty darling?" says Ted—
"Oh very well, thank you," says Kitty again Sir.
"Do you like *me*?—says Teddy, and Kitty quite ready, cried
"Very well thank you,—with laughter beguiling;
I think you'll confess Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

- 4 Oh dear paddy Blake, may you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing,
And girls all translate their sweet answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
And boys, be you ready, like frolicsome Teddy,
Be earnest in loving though given to joking;
And thus when inclined may all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

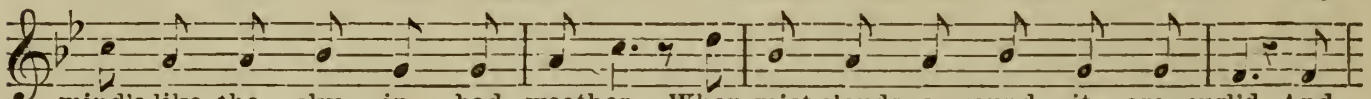
WHY DID SHE KICK ME DOWN STAIRS?



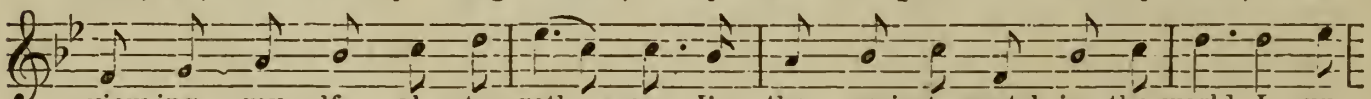
1. The wing of my spir-it is bro-ken, The day-star of hope has declin'd, For a
2. I wan-der a-bout like a va-grant, I spend half my time in the street, My con-



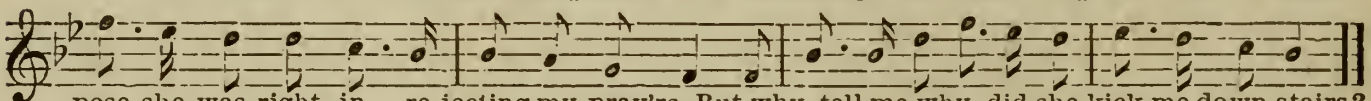
month not a word have I spoken, That's either po-lite or re-fin'd; My
duct's im-prop-er and flagrant, For I quar-rel with all that I meet; My



mind's like the sky in bad weather, When mist clouds a-round it are curl'd, And,
dress, too, is whol-ly neg-lected, My hat I pull o-ver my brow, And



view-ing my-self al-to-geth-er, I'm the veriest wretch in the world. I sup-
I look like a fel-low sus-pect-ed Of wish-ing to kick up a row. I sup-



pose she was right in re-jecting my pray'rs, But why, tell me why, did she kick me down stairs?
pose she was right, &c.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 At home I'm an object of horror,
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And all sensible citizens stare.</p> | <p>5 I've thought of the means, yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope,
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
A razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat;
But to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides, 'twould be breaking the law.</p> |
| <p>4 One says, "he's a victim to Cupid!"
Another, "His conduct's too bad"—
A third, "He is awful stupid"—
A fourth, "He is perfectly mad."—
And then I am watch'd like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife—
By heaven! no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life.</p> | <p>6 Yet one way remains—to the river,
I'll fly from the goadings of care,
But drown! oh, the tho't makes me shiver!
A terrible death, I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.</p> |

SHEW FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME.

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65

1. I think I hear the an-gels sing, I think I hear the an-gels sing, I
 think I hear the an-gels sing, The an-gels now are on the wing. I feel, I feel, I
 feel, That's what my moth-er said, The an - gels pour - ing las - ses down up-
 on this nigger's head. Shew! fly, don't both-er me, Shew! fly, don't both-er me,
 Shew! fly, don't both-er me, I be-long to comp'-ny G. I feel, I feel, I feel, I
 feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I
 feel, I feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star.

2 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 A fly come sting him on the nose,

I feel, I feel, I feel,
 That's what my mother said,
 Whenever this nigger goes to sleep,
 He must cover up his head. Shew fly, &c.

JIM, THE CARTER LAD.

My name is Jim, the Car-ter Lad, A jol - ly chap am I, I al-ways am con-
 ten-ted, be the weather wet or dry. I snap my fin - ger at the snow, and
 whis-tle at the rain, I've brav'd the storm for many a year, And can do so a - gain.
 Crack, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing, I sit up - on my
 wag - on, I'm as hap-py as a king. My horses al-ways willing, as for
 me I'm ne-ver sad, For none can lead a jol-lier life, than Jim, the Carter Lad.

2 My father was a carrier,
 Many years e'er I was born,
 He used to rise at day break,
 And go his rounds each morn.
 He used to take me with him,
 Especially in the spring,
 I'd love to sit upon the cart,
 And hear my father sing.

I act upright to man and man,
 And that's what makes me glad,
 You'll find there beats an honest heart,
 In Jim the Carter Lad.

3 I never think of politics,
 Or any thing so great,
 I care not for their high-bred talk,
 About the church or state.

4 I think I will conclude my song,
 'Tis time I was away,
 My horses will get weary,
 If I much longer stay;
 We've travelled many weary miles,
 And happy days we've had,
 For none can treat a horse more kind,
 Than Jim the Carter Lad.

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.



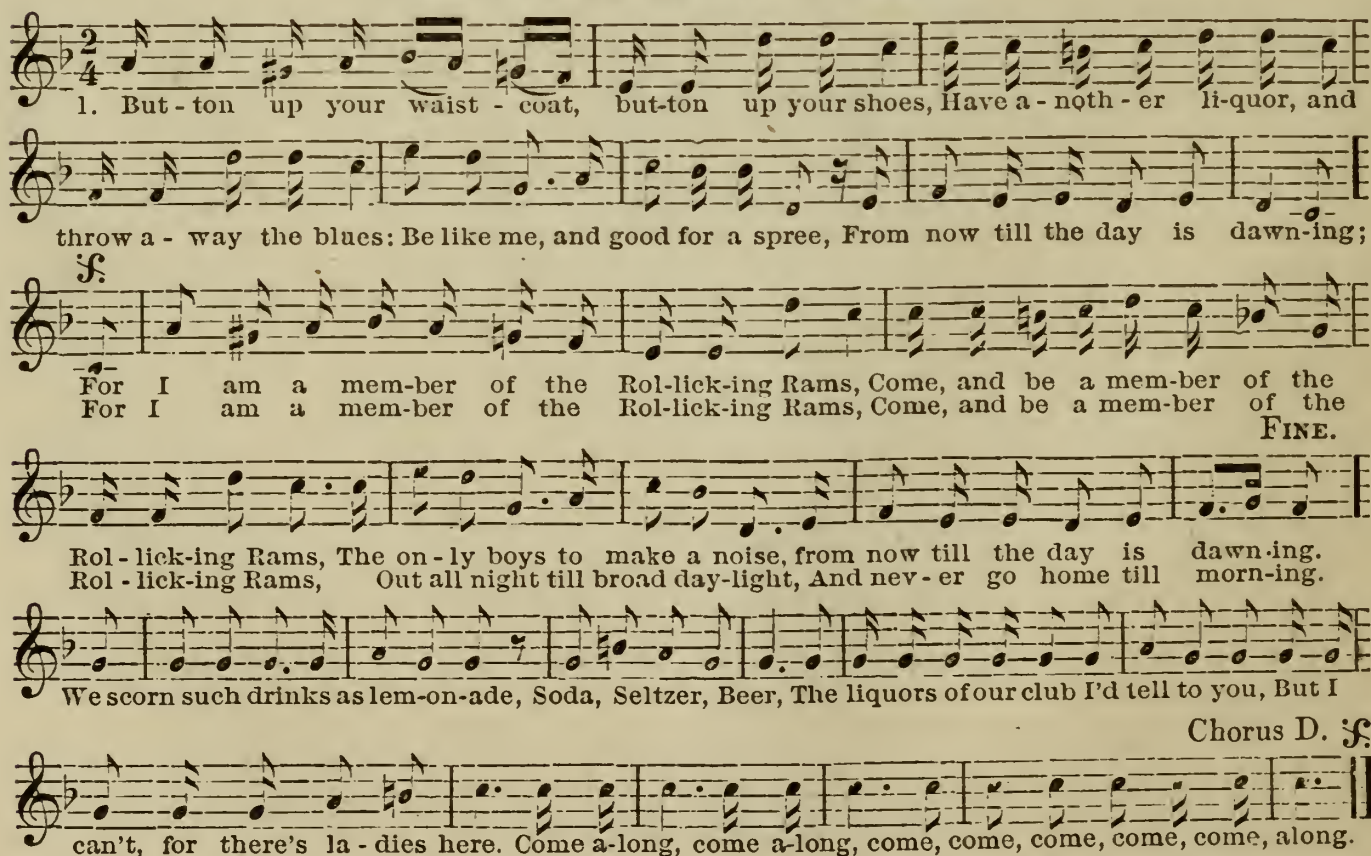
1. You may talk of young girls, but none can sur-pass My dear lit-tle charmer, who
 Chorus. My Lan-ca-shire Lass, sure none can sur-pass My Lan-ca-shire Lass For
 comes from Bel-fast. She's fresh and as sweet as the new-ly mown grass, Is
 style and beauty, My Lan-ca-shire Lass, Come fill up your glass, And
 my lit-tle Pol-ly, the Lan-ca-shire Lass; She's eyes so blue, and
 drink to the health of my Lan-ca-shire Lass.
 teeth so white, Her hair is brown, her step is light, Her an-kle
 it's a per-fect mite, My beau-ti-ful Lan-ca-shire Lass.


2. She bought this watch which now I wear,
 The way that I won her is strange, you will say; If she don't mind, well I don't care;
 'Twas one afternoon that I went down the bay; She says that her fortune I shall share,
 A young friend of mine was there for the day, My beautiful Lancashire Lass.
 And took little Polly, for whom he'd to pay. Cho.—The Lancashire Lass, &c.

When first we met, I soon could see,
 That with his chance 'twas all U P.
 And so I asked her if she'd have me,
 This beautiful Lancashire Lass.
 Cho.—My Lancashire Lass, &c.

3. She said she'd be mine, and she swore to be true,
 We've since been like doves billing and cooing;
 We never fall out as some lovers do,
 And she has some money, betwixt me and you;
 4. She published the banns, we'er going to be wed,
 I leave those matters for her to settle;
 To-morrow, for time has so quickly fled,
 The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led;
 I need not work while there's a purse;
 To the idea I'm not averse,
 And p'rhaps one day I may have to nurse
 A sweet little Lancashire Lass.
 Cho.—My Lancashire Lass, &c.

THE ROLICKING RAMS.



1. But-ton up your waist-coat, but-ton up your shoes, Have a-noth-er li-quor, and
 throw a-way the blues: Be like me, and good for a spree, From now till the day is dawn-ing;
 For I am a mem-ber of the Rol-lick-ing Rams, Come, and be a mem-ber of the
 For I am a mem-ber of the Rol-lick-ing Rams, Come, and be a mem-ber of the
 FINE.
 Rol-lick-ing Rams, The on-ly boys to make a noise, from now till the day is dawn-ing.
 Rol-lick-ing Rams, Out all night till broad day-light, And nev-er go home till morn-ing.
 We scorn such drinks as lem-on-ade, Soda, Seltzer, Beer, The liquors of our club I'd tell to you, But I
 Chorus D. 
 can't, for there's la-dies here. Come a-long, come a-long, come, come, come, come, come, along.

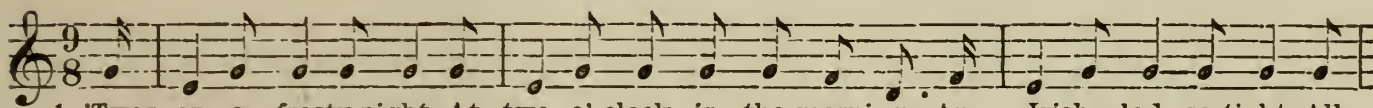
2.

When once you're a member of the Rollicking
Rams,
All things real, we have no shams,
Except champagne, good champagne,
We drink till the day is dawning;
In all the pockets of the Rollicking Rams,
Each one puts a bottle of Cham,
And on some door-step sit and drink,
Till daylight in the morning.
With a pocket full of money the Police make
right,
To what we do they're blind,
Such as pulling down bells, and breaking lamps,
For which we should be fined.
Come along, come along, come along.
Cho.—For I am a member, &c.

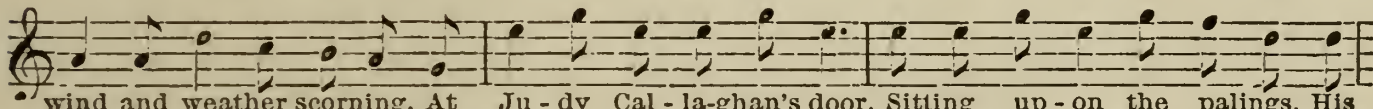
3.

The milkman in the morning he knows us Rams,
We follow up behind him and empty the cans,
Which down the area he has put,
For breakfast in the morning;
Upset a coffee stall as we go home,
With us our Landladies pick a bone,
And get kicked out of house and home,
Without a moment's warning;
But we don't care, we're single men,
Not hampered with a wife,
So now my friends, if you like the style,
Come and spend a noisy life.
Come along, come along, come along,
Cho.—For I am a member of the Rollicking
Rams, &c.

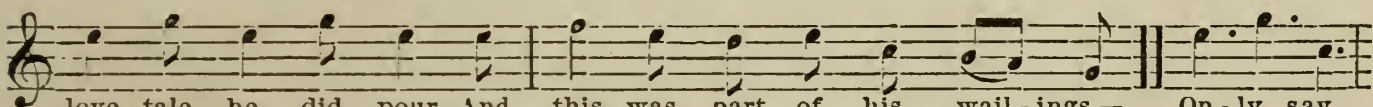
BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.



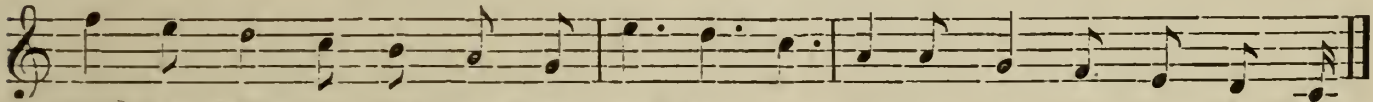
1. 'Twas on a frosty night, At two o'clock in the morning, An Irish lad so tight, All



wind and weather scorning, At Ju - dy Cal - la - ghan's door, Sitting up - on the palings, His



love tale he did pour, And this was part of his wail - ings, — On - ly say,



You'll have Mis - ter Bral - la - ghan, Don't say nay, Charming Ju - dy Cal - la - ghan.

2 Oh list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
There's only the wall between us;
You lay fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say, etc.

3 I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a stye to sleep them,
A calf and a brindled cow,
I've got a cabin to keep them;
Sunday hose and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride a-stride on.
Only say, etc.

4 I've got an old tom cat,
Although one eye is staring,
I've got a Sunday hat,
A little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine,
The trees have got no riper on,
I've got a fiddle so fine,
Which only wants a piper on.
Only say, etc.

5 I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties,
I've got of backey a pound,
And got some tea for the ladies.
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whiskey to make us gaily,
A mattress and feather bed,
And a handsome new shelelah.
Only say, etc.

6 You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding!
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As every one is knowing,
You've got a decent tongue,
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
Only say, etc.

7 For a wife till death,
I am willing to take ye,
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover,
I'll come to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say, etc.

1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al - though he can - not
read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter. For why should he be puz - zled with hard
spell - ing in the mat - ter, When the ma - ning was so plain that I love him faith - ful -
ly. I love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.

- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my new bonnet;
For I would not have the postmaster make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said inside the letter, that I loved him faithfully.
I love him faithfully, and he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "from little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
I love him faithfully, and he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.
- 4 Now girls would you believe it? that postman so consated,
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited,
But may be there mayn't be one for the reason that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
He loves me faithfully; and I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

1. This life is a dif - fi - cult rid - dle, For how ma - ny
Chorus. Then what is the use of re - pin - ing, For where there's a
peo - ple we see. . . . With fa - ces as long as a fid - dle, That
will there's a way. . . . And to - mor - row the sun may be shi - ning, Al -
ought to look shin - ing with glee. . . . I am sure in this world there are plen -
though it is cloud - y to - day. . . .
ty, Of good things e - nough for us all. . . . And yet there's not
one out of twen - ty But thinks that his share is too small. . . .

- 2 Did you never hear tell of the spider,
That tried up the wall hard to climb.
If not just take that as a guider,
You'll find it will serve you in time.
Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
And every time it stuck fast.
But it tried hard again without countng,
And of course it succeeded at last. CHO.
- 3 Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife.
Whilst others they wish they had tarried,
And long for a bachelor's life.
- To me it is very bewild'rin',
Some grumble it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children,
And others because they have none. CHO.
- 4 Do you think that by sitting and sighing
You'll ever obtain all you want.
It's cowards alone that are crying,
And foolishly saying, "I can't."
It's only by plodding and striving,
And laboring up the steep hill
Of life, that you'll ever be thriving
Which you'll do if you've only the Will.

1. Thro' be - ing fond of act-ing right, Straight forward, just and fair, I try to make my troubles light, And lit - tle do I care; As hap - py as a king I live On just what I can spare, And from ex - pe - ri - ence I give This hint, act on the

CHORUS.

square. Act on the square, boys, Act on the square, Up-right and fair, boys, Act on the square, Act on the square, boys, Act on the square, Upright and fair, boys, Act on the square.

2 Now in the street a thing so bad,
Which often is the case,
A swellish, foolish looking lad,
Some modest girl will chase;
Then square you round, and let him see
If he annoyance dare,
You'll give him striking proof to show,
How to act on the square. CHO.

They nearly got into disgrace,
But squaring serv'd them there,
And brightly shone the Bobby's face,
Who lik'd to see things square. CHO.

3 When out one night with noisy swells,
That smil'd and kept alive,
One Sergeant X with oyster shells,
To pelt they did contrive;

4 I never lik'd a round game, nay,
Round tables can't a-bear,
And in a circus I can't stay,
So I live in a Square;
Now Brothers all, and Masons too,
Of good let's do our share,
And when a chance presents itself,
We must act on the square. CHO.

I'VE LOST MY BOW-WOW.

1. In me see a maid-en of sweet twen - ty - two, As young as a chick - en and ten - der - er too; But now I am sad, and my

heart's full of pain, For I've lost a Bow-wow I shant see a - gain.

CHORUS.

For I've lost my Bow-wow, Who's seen my Bow-wow? Poor lit - tle Dog - gy, Bow-wow, wow - wow, I've lost my Bow-wow, who's seen my Bow-wow? Poor lit - tle Dog - gy, Bow-wow, wow, wow, Bow-wow.

2. When I left my home he was fast to a string,
He never would follow without it, poor thing;
He'd pull at the string till quite black in the face,
But see what some rude boy has tied on in its place. CHO.

3. My poor little fellow, so faithful and kind,

I see him, methinks, as his tail wagged behind!
Without me I'm certain he'll pine and he'll die,
Or p'rhaps be mistaken for meat in a pie. CHO.

4. I fear that it's true every dog has its day;
Oh please, have you seen him, will any one say?
I'd give him my blessing who'd bring me safe back
My pretty white poodle, all spotted with black.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

1. Phi - los - o - phers, and Cri - ties, say, "The world grows wi - ser ev' - ry day," I'll
 prove they're wrong, with-out de - lay, And that's what's the mat - ter. For though 'tis said "we
 live and learn," The truth of it I can't dis-cern, We fol - ly see, each way we turn, And
 CHORUS.
 that's what's the mat - ter. That's what's the mat - ter, I am not one to
 flat - ter, But speak my mind, as you will find, And that's what's the mat-ter!

2 We often find some man of rank
 Get mixed up with some bubble bank,
 The public have themselves to thank,
 And that's what's the matter!
 By promises of ten per cent
 They're nicely gulled, their cash is lent,
 But when they find it's all been spent,
 It's that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

3 The Yankees in a mess will be
 Through setting of their niggers free;
 Their "fix" they now begin to see,
 And that's what's the matter!
 They made poor Mungo free 'tis true,
 But now it makes them look quite blue,
 With him they know not what to do,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

4 They thought John Bull required relief,
 So sent him some of their "jerked beef,"
 'Tis said that "Gee hos" form the chief,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Old John with its appearance struck,
 Said, "Though I'm noted for my pluck,
 I'm blown if I can eat such muck,"
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

5 The Legislature is not wise
 In aiding railway enterprise,
 And letting them monopolise,
 And that's what's the matter!
 They drive the poor man out of town
 By pulling of his dwelling down,
 For which he don't receive a "brown,"
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

6 Then the much-vaunted "Armstrong gun"
 Has by the "Whitworth" been outdone;
 All nations now at us make fun,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Though we've enormous sums outlaid,
 We find a great mistake we've made,
 We've dearly for our whistle paid,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

7 Now, Mister Bass's Organ Bill
 Has proved a reg'lar bitter pill,
 It's made the organ-grinders ill,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Since they've let Mister Babbage be
 The benefit we daily see,
 He's just found out that twice two's three,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

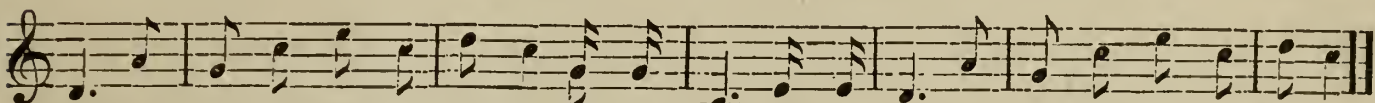
PADDY'S LAND.

AN IRISH PARODY ON "DIXIE'S LAND."

1. I wish I were on Pad-dy's Land, Where I was hap-py, blithe and fris-ky. Och hone, Och
 hone, Och hone, Och hone, Wid a lit - tle cru - is - keen in my hand, For I'm the boy to
 swallow whiskey, Och hone, Och hone, Och hone, Och hone, Oh, don't I love the whiskey? Och hone! Ma-



vrone! On Col-lege Green, wid my Col-leen, I'd tip-ple down the whiskey, Fil-li-loo! Hub-ba-



boo! I'd tip-ple down the whiskey, Fil-li-loo! Hub-ba-boo! I'd tip-ple down the whiskey.

2.

At wake, at Patthorn, or at Fair,
The cratur make my heart beat gaily,
Och hone, &c.
It drives away all thoughts of care,
And puts more pow'r in my Shillelagh,
Och hone, &c.
Oh, let me have the whiskey?
Och hone, Mavrone!
Give me but punch, I'll bate the bunch,
For nothing aiquils whiskey,
Hurroo! Filliloo! there's nothing aiquils whiskey.

3.

'Twill make a lame man dance a jig,
Or a blind man read the Morning Paper,—
Och hone, &c.
And if your heart's with sorrow big,
'Twill make it all fly off like vapour—

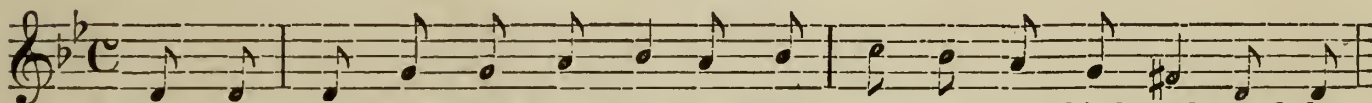
Och hone, &c.

Then can't I tippie whiskey,—
Och hone! Mavrone!
To be the king of Erin's Isle,
I'd not resign my whiskey.
Hubbaboo! Filliloo! I'd not resign the whiskey.

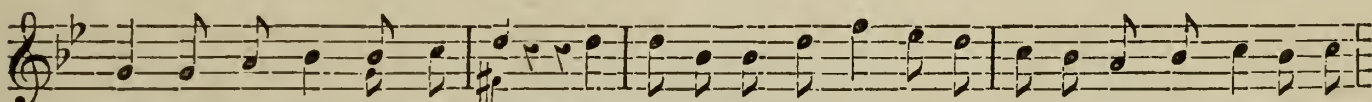
4.

If a friend should chance to knock you down,
And you are kilt by him completely,—
Och hone, &c.
Would you make whole your broken crown,
Drink whiskey and 'twill do it nately.—
Och hone, &c.
Then let me have my whiskey,—
Och hone! Mavrone!
For while I have a chance I'll sing and dance
And drink good luck to whiskey. [whiskey.
Hurroo! Hubbaboo! I'll drink good luck to

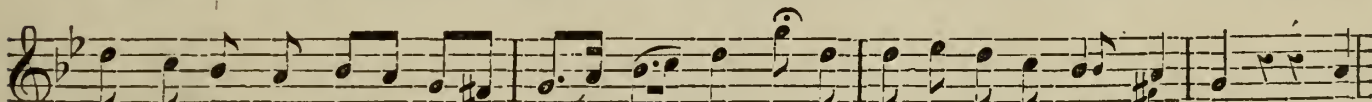
CROOSKEEN LAWN.



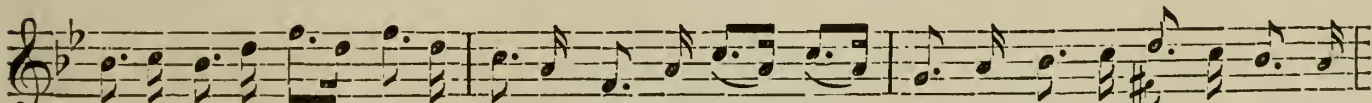
1. Let the farm-er praise his grouuds As the hunts-man does his hounds, And the



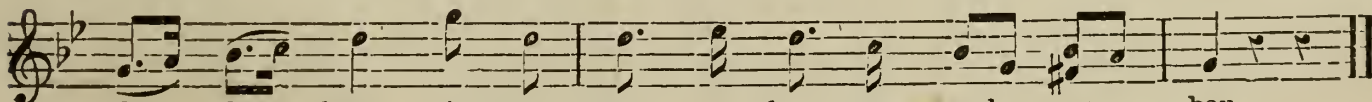
shep-herd his sweet scent-ed lawn, While I more blest than they, spend each happy night and day, With my



smil-ing lit-tle Croos-keen lawn, lawn lawn, Oh, my smil-ing lit-tle Crooskeen lawn. Le-



an-te-ru-ma Crooskeen Sle-an-te gar ma-voor-neen, A-gus gra-machree ma coo-leen



ban ban ban A-gus gram a chree ma cool- een ban.

2 In court with manly grace, should Sir Tòby plead his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass, he'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn, &c.

3 Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips adry,
Tho' the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,
To fill another crooskeen lawn, &c.

4 And when grim Death appears, after few but happy years,
And tells me my glass is run,
I'll say, "Begone you slave, for great Bacchus gives me leave
To drink another crooskeen lawn, &c.

THE GIRLS ARE NOT SO GREEN.

1. One lit - tle word I've tried to speak, Yet ne - ver could for chok - ing,
 Although I've practiced half the week: Oh, dear! 'tis so pro - vok - ing! I'm ve - ry sure she
 un - der - stands The word I long to ut - ter, For she has felt my tremb - ling hand, And
 seen my bo - som flut - ter. Oh, no! the girls are not so green! Your suit you're sure to
 gain it: But you must tell them what you mean, And ma - ny times ex - plain it.

2 I've often tried to spoil their fun,
 They so delight in teasing,
 By never wedding any one,
 However sweet and pleasing;
 They will not understand, although
 You hint so very near it,
 And when you plainly tell them so,
 They wish again to hear it.
 Oh, no, the girls, &c.

3 But I will go and try my luck,
 And boldly pop the question,
 For sure the word so long has stuck,
 It ruins my digestion;
 And if she does not comprehend,
 Again my suit I'll press, sir,
 She'll understand me in the end,
 And blushing say, "Oh yes sir."
 Oh, no, the girls, &c.

OH! YOU PRETTY BLUE-EYED WITCH.

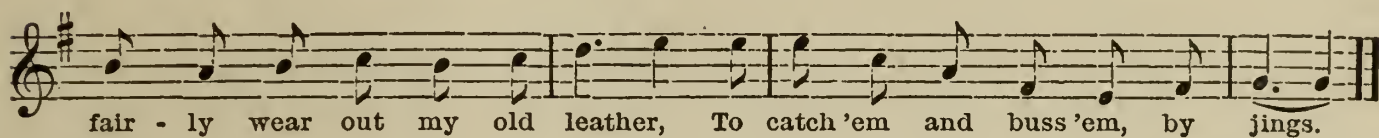
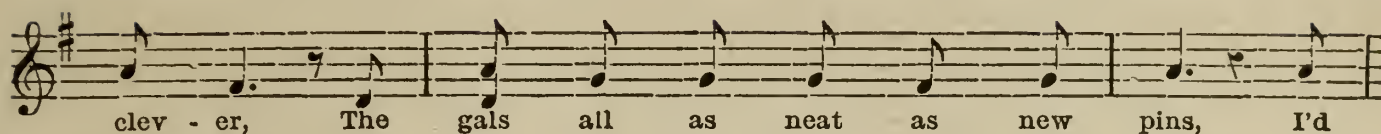
1. Oh! you pretty blue-eyed witch, Turn, oh! turn those eyes a - way, For they give me
 heart a twitch, And I would ev - er with thee stay; Oh, those golden locks of thine,
 D. C.
 Wanton playing with the air, They have round my heart entwin'd, O sweet maid, thou'rt wondrous fair.

2.
 Hide, oh, hide those pouting lips,
 Hide those pretty pearly teeth,
 How I long for one dear kiss,
 Long to win your love so sweet;
 Like a sunbeam is thy smile,
 All description is too poor,
 Give me but one beaming one,
 Oh! sweet maid, I'll ask no more.
 Oh you pretty blue-eyed witch, etc.

3.
 Yet I feel I must ask more,
 Give, oh, give your heart to me,
 Oh, say yes, this happy hour;
 Ever I'll be true to thee.
 Turn on me those eyes so blue,
 Give me but one loving glance,
 Never can I love but you,
 You have all my soul entranc'd.
 Oh, you pretty blue-eyed witch, etc.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A WEDDING.

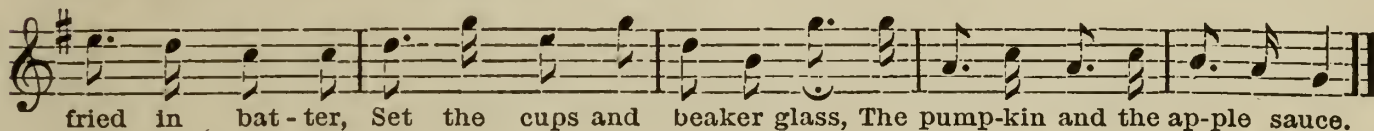
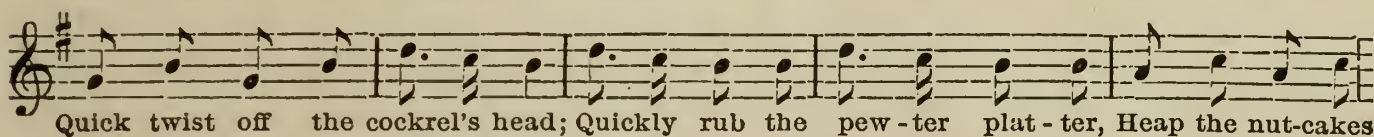
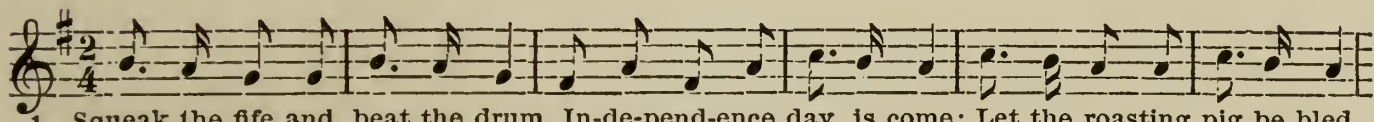
1. Did ev - er you go to a wed - ding? What a darn'd sight o' buss - ing it
 takes, Then your mouth is as hot as a pud - ding; They
 put so much spice in their cake. Such play - ing and run - ning, how



2 I wonder, by gol, what's the matter,
I can't get a sweetheart, I've try'd,
But I sniggers, I never could flatter,
But the gals would all tell I ly'd.
So rot'em, I always am cheated,
By gosh, I will twig'em, I vum,
If I can't be handsomely treated,
I won't go a courting, by gum.

3 Then I guess they will come to their reason,
If what granny says all be true ;
If you'll let 'em a-lone with teaz-in,
The gals will come flocking to you.
Did ever you go to a wedding ?
What a darn'd sight o' bussing it takes,
Then your mouth is as hot as a pudding ;
They put so much spice in their cakes.

SQUEAK THE FIFE.

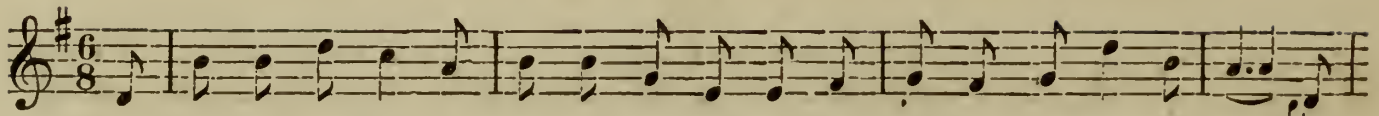


- 2 Send the keg to shop for brandy : maple sugar we have handy ;
Independent, stagg'ring Dick, a noggin mix of swigging thick ;
Sal, put on your russet skirt ; Jonathan, get your boughten shirt ;
To-day we dance to tiddle-diddle—here comes Sambo with his fiddle.
- 3 Sambo, take a dram of whiskey, and play up Yankee Doodle frisky ;
Moll, come leave your witched tricks, and let us have a reel of six :
Father and Mother shall make two—Sal, Moll, and I, stand all a-row ;
Sambo, play and dance with quality, this is the day of blest equality.
- 4 Father and Mother are but men, and Sambo is—a citizen ;
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in—and Mother, you dance up to him,
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do ; and Father, you cross o'er to Sambo,
Thus we dance, and thus we play, on glorious Independence Day.

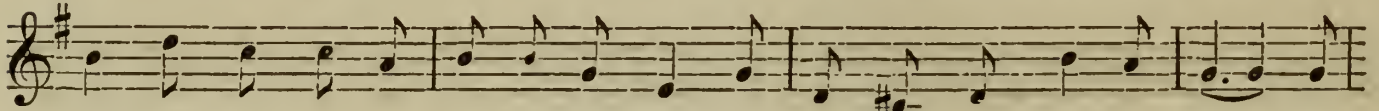
ENCORE VERSES.

- 5 Rub more rosin on your bow, and let us have another go—
Zounds ! as sure as eggs and bacon, here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon ;
Aunt Thiah, and their Bet's behind her, on blundering mare, than beetle blinder,
And there's the squire too with his lady : Sal, hold the beast ; I'll take the baby.
- 6 Moll, bring the Squire our great arm-chair ; good folks, we're glad to see you here,
Jotham, get the great case-bottle, your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
Ensign—Deacon, never mind,—Squire, drink until you're blind.
Thus we drink and dance away, this glorious Independence Day.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.



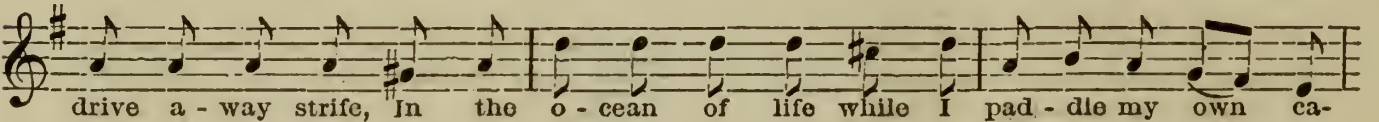
1 I've travell'd a - bout a bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few, But



found it bet - ter in ev' - ry clime to pad - dle my own ca - noe. My

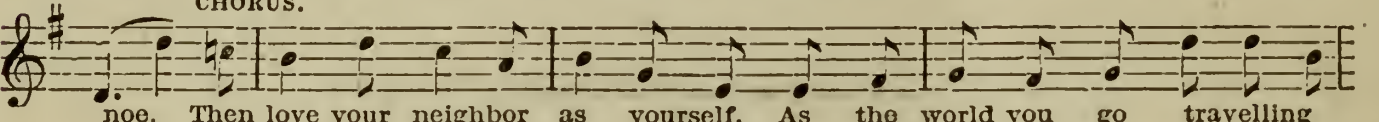


wants are small, I care not at all If my debts are paid when due, I

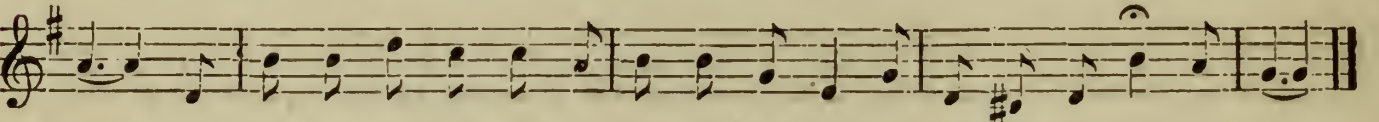


drive a - way strife, In the o - cean of life while I pad - dle my own ca -

CHORUS.



noe. Then love your neighbor as yourself, As the world you go travelling



through, And nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But paddle your own ca - noe.

2

I have no wife to bother my life,
No lover to prove untrue,
But the whole day long, with a laugh and a song
I paddle my own canoe.

I rise with the lark, and from daylight till dark,
I do what I have to do;
I am careless of wealth, if I only have health
To paddle my own canoe.

CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

3.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,
That is, if you've proved him true;
But you'll find it better, by far, in the end,
To paddle your own canoe.

To "borrow" is dearer, by far, than to "buy,"
A maxim, though old, still true;
You never will sigh, if you only will try
To paddle your own canoe.

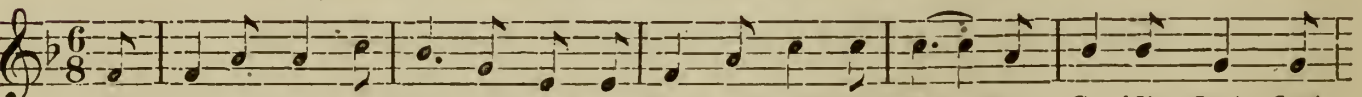
CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

4

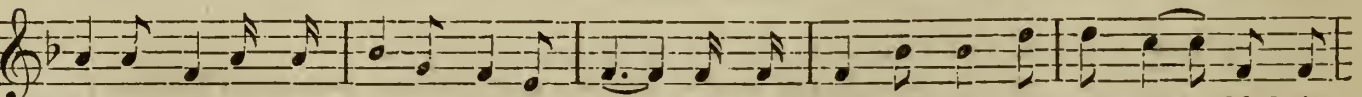
If a hurricane rise in the mid-day skies
And the sun is lost to view,
Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,
And paddle your own canoe.
The daisies that grow in the bright green fields
Are blooming so sweet for you,
So never sit down, with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.

CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

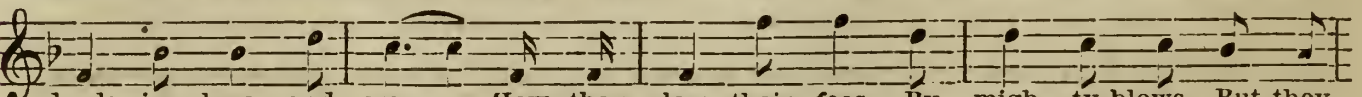
THE LOW-BACK'D JAUNTING-CAR.



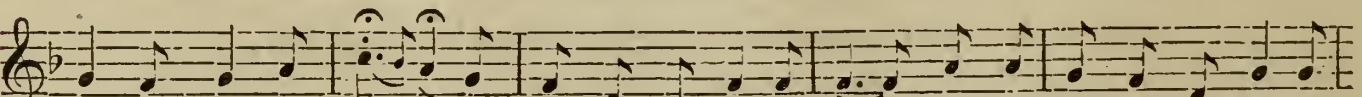
1. 'Twas on a Sun - day morn - ing, In the mer - ry month of May, When Cupid's dart first



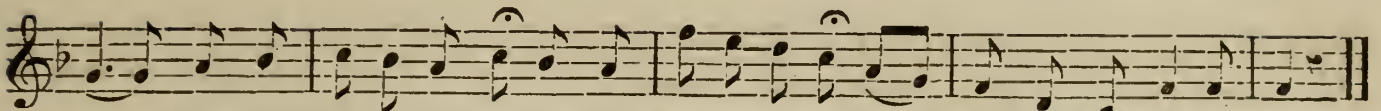
pierc'd my heart By the glance of Paddy Gray! You may talk of an - cient he - roes; Of their



deeds in love and war, How they slew their foes By migh - ty blows, But they



can't com - pare, by far, With Paddy of Cas - tle - bar! As he drove in his jaunt-ing

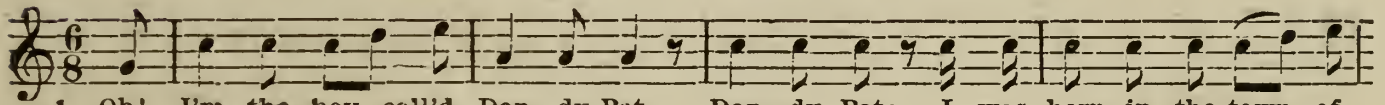


car, All the girls, I'll be bound, For full twenty miles round, Knew Pat and his jaunting-car!

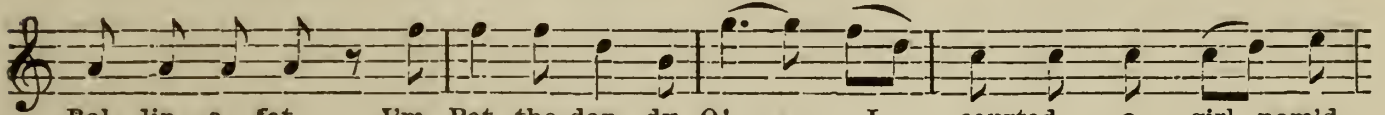
2 They say the charms of music
Possess a power divine
O'er the human breast,
And, like the rest,
I felt it over mine;—
For a voice so sweet my ears did greet,
And a ringing laugh so clear,
When he sprang from his car,
Near the turnpike-bar,
And said, 'Norah, honey dear!
I've a wound in my heart, that sure
There is only one way to cure—
Give me yours, darling, do!
We'll make one out of two,
And ride off in my jaunting-car!'

3 I'd often watch'd that car, sir,
As it rattled along the way,
And thought, through life,
Were I the wife
Of darling Paddy Gray,
I ne'er would envy wealthy dames
In their chariots decked with state,—
Wealth cannot move
The heart to love,
But oft engenders hate.
And now, married in Castlebar,
I'm happier sure by far,
As I sit by the side
Of my husband, my pride,
In his lowback'd jaunting-car!'

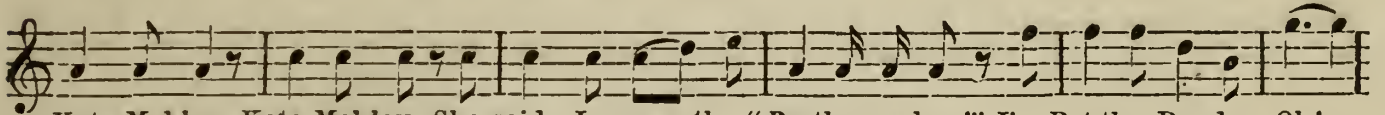
DANDY PAT. Song and Dance.



1. Oh! I'm the boy call'd Dan-dy Pat, Dan-dy Pat; I was born in the town of

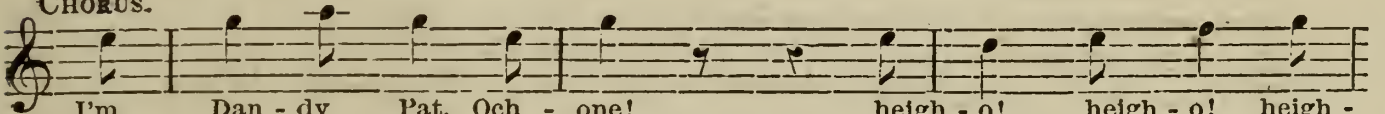


Bal - lin - a - fat, I'm Pat the dan-dy O!..... I courted a girl nam'd

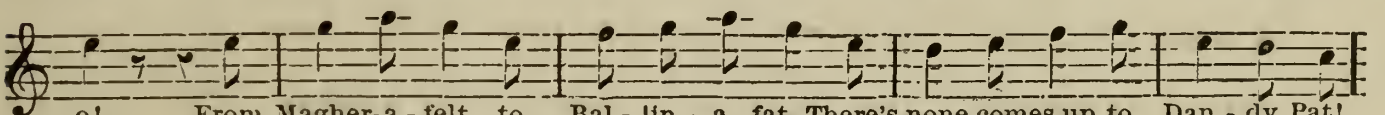


Kate Mol-loy, Kate Mol-loy; She said I was the "Broth av a boy!" I'm Pat the Dandy Oh!

CHORUS.

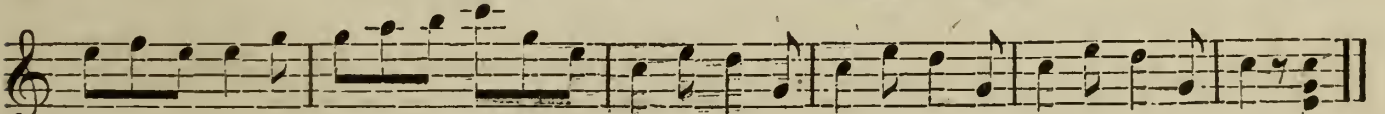
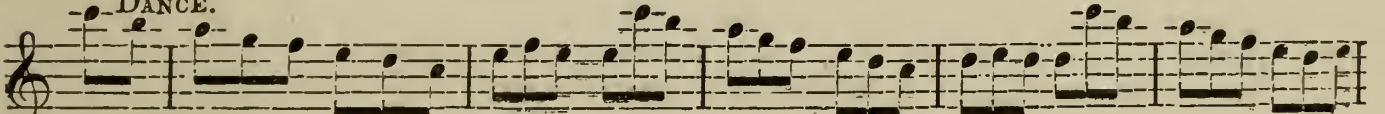


I'm Dan - dy Pat, Och - one! heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh -



o! From Magher-a - felt to Bal - lin - a - fat, There's none comes up to Dan - dy Pat!

DANCE.



2

My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim; My hat is med uv Irish felt, Irish felt;
The girls all cry: "Jist look at him! The hearts uv all the girls I melt;

He's Pat the Dandy O!"

I'm Pat the Dandy O! CHORUS.

My stick is med uv good black thorn, good black
thorn;

I'm the funniest creathur ivir wus born;

I'm Pat the Dandy O! CHORUS.

3

My coat is med uv Irish freize, Irish freize;
Nary a one can take the prize

From Dandy Pat, heigho!

4

I tuk a walk to the Cinthral Park, Cinthral Park;
A nice young leddy med the remark:

"That's Pat the Dandy, O!"

She asked me home to take some tay, take some
tay;

She sed she'd nivir go away

From Dandy Pat, heighio! CHORUS.

1. One frost - y day on pleasure bent, I stroll'd in - to the park, With skates in hand up -
 on the ice to have a ska-ting lark. Some were whirling round like tops, some
 dart-ing like a flash, Oth-ers cut their names out, too, and oth-ers cut a dash. But
 not a - lone was I that day, for there in fur-topp'd boots, And four rows of pearl
 but-tons, was my own Ma - til - da Toots. Oh! my own Ma - til - da Toots, you
 should have seen her boots! Up - on the ice they look'd so nice, did the boots of Til - da Toots.

CHORUS.

Oh! Ma - til - da Toots, you should have seen her boots, Up -
 on the ice they look'd so nice, did the boots of Til - da Toots.

2

She had the prettiest pair of skates of highly-polish'd steel,
 And gracefully in chair she sat while I prepared to kneel
 Down at her feet to put them on, by boring in the soles
 Of those fur-topped, pearl-buttoned boots, the smallest gimlet holes ;
 But just as I upon my knee had got one of her boots,
 A skater from behind upset me, chair, and 'Tilda Toots. Чо.

3

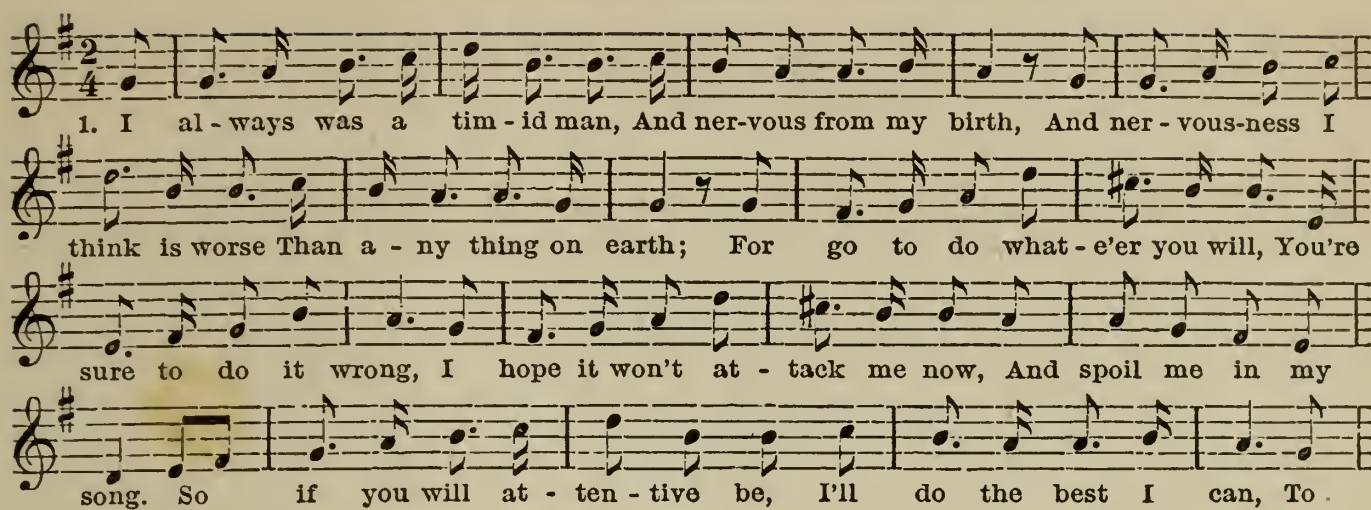
As I, the chair, and 'Tilda Toots, were struggling in a heap,
 A dozen skaters, more or less, came o'er us with a sweep.
 Some went tumbling head o'er heels, others on the back,
 When suddenly, where 'Tilda lay, the ice began to crack!
 The water next came bubbling up! crash! I saw the boots
 Alone above the waters where had gone down 'Tilda Toots. Чо.

4

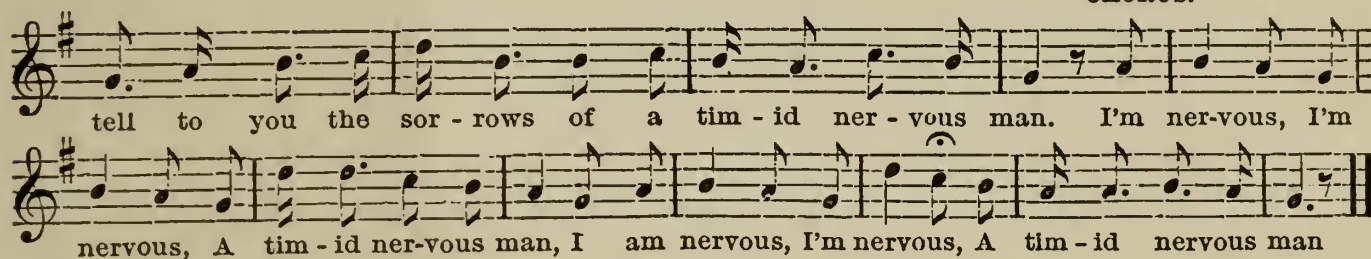
"'Scape ladders, grappling-hooks, help! help!" I roar'd with all my might,
 A squad of gallant "Park Guides" then quickly hove in sight.
 They ran the ladder 'cross the hole, the men aside I cast,
 I scarcely think I touch'd a rail, I rush'd along so fast ;
 But I was there in time to save the soul of my pursuits,
 For by those boots, those fur-topped boots, I dragged out 'Tilda Toots. Чо.

5

With 'Tilda in my arms to the Refreshment House I flew —
 They used the proper remedies, and quickly brought her to.
 I call'd a cab and saw her home, and, saving thus her life,
 Matilda Toots agreed next day to be my darling wife ;
 And as the water did not spoil those fur-topped buttoned boots,
 Why in those boots — identical boots — I married Matilda Toots. Чо.



CHORUS.



2.

I met a most delightful girl,
Out at a ball one night;
I felt my peace of mind was gone
When first she came in sight.
I wanted to be introduced,
And Brown soon did the job
By saying, "Miss Jemima Green, —
My friend, young Richard Cobb."
I said, "a lovely morning, Miss —
No, no, I don't mean that:
It's night, of course, I'm quite aware; —
But have you seen the cat?"

I'm nervous, &c.

3.

No doubt she thought it very strange
That I should talk such stuff;
And, as I stood, I felt that she
Must think me quite a muff.
I did not mend the matter much
When I turned round to say,
"There's been a deal of weather, Miss,
About the town to-day."
And, having made that sage remark,
I sat down on a chair,
Plump into Mrs. Johnson's lap,
Whom I did not see there.

I'm nervous, &c.

4.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," now
I said to Mrs. J.,
Who only muttered some such word
As "fool," and turned away.
I felt so flurried and confused
I turned too quickly round,
And nearly knocked a fat old dame
Headlong upon the ground.
I bowed, and hoped she was not hurt,
But what was my dismay
To find the waiter stood behind,
And I'd upset his tray.

I'm nervous, &c.

5.

I said, "Miss Green, will you oblige
Me with the next quadrille?
As waltzes, polkas, I can't do:
They always make me ill."
But lor! I could not dance at all,
They pulled me here and there,
My foot caught in Jemima's dress,
And that began to tear:
The trimming twisted round my legs
In such an awful way,
That half a dozen soon went down,
And I among them lay.

I'm nervous, &c.

6.

I rushed down stairs to leave the house,
A hat and coat I took,
And not till I was nearly home,
Did I once at them look.
But who can tell the shock I felt
When on the hat I found
A servant's black cockade was there,
And gold lace band all round;
The coat was green, and trimmed with red,
And liv'ry buttons bright, —
In fact, it was the servant's coat
And hat I took that night.

I'm nervous, &c.

7.

I took them back and got my own,
And ere I left the door,
There came from out the drawing-room,
Of laughter quite a roar;
They put me down as "fool," of course,
And dear Miss Green, no doubt,
Thought me the greatest "Spoon" that she
Had ever met when out.
I lost the girl I dote upon,
And made myself a fool,
Because my legs won't let me keep,
Collected, calm, and cool.

I'm nervous, &c.

THE COVE WOT SINGS.

1. No doubt a song you've heard, How great - ly it de-lights; It com - pri - ses, in a
word, the luck of a "cove wot writes!" Now I've a song so true, My
mind to truth it elings; And I'm go - ing to tell to you, The luck of a cove wot
CHORUS.
sings. Tol de rol id - dy tol ol, Tol ol tol id - dy tol la!..

2.
In a garret I showed my nob,
In Earl Street, Seven Dials,
My father was a snob,
My mother dealt in *wials*;
But my mind took higher flights,
I hated low-life things!
Made friends with a cove what writes
And now I'm the chap wot sings.
Cho.—Tol de rol, &c.

3.
When at singing I made a start,
Some said my voice was fine;
I tried a serious part,
But turned to the comic line;
I found out that was the best,
Some fun it always brings:
To the room it gives a zest,
And suits the cove wot sings.
Cho. — Tol de-rol, &c.

4.
To a concert, ball, or rout,
Each night I'm asked to go,
With my new toggery I go out,
And I cut no *dirty show*;
Goes up to the music, all right,
At the women sheep's eyes I flings,
Gets my lush free all the night,
Because I'm the cove what sings.
Cho. — Tol de rol, &c.

5.
If I go to take a room,
There needs no talk or stuff;
'Bout a reference they don't fume,
My word is quite enough.

For my money they don't care a sous,
The landlady kind looks flings,
She's proud to have in her house
A gentleman wot sings.
Cho.—Tol de rol &c.

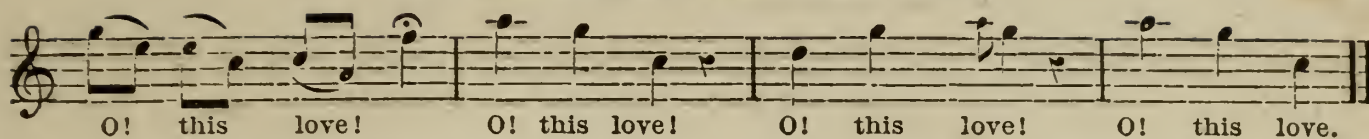
6.
Each day so well I fare,
On each thing so good and fine;
In the *grub way* well I share,
For I always go out to dine;
And those who asks me so free,
Plenty of their friends brings,
They comes for miles, d'ye see,
To hear the chap wot sings.
Cho.—Tol de rol, &c.

7.
While strolling t'other night,
I dropped in at a house, d'ye see,
The landlord, so polite,
Insisted on treating me;
I called for a glass of port,
When *half-a-bottle* he brings;
Spoken]—"How much to pay, Landlord?"
said I—"Nothing of the sort,"
Says he "You're the chap wot sings."
Cho.—Tol de lol, &c.

8.
Now my song is at an end,
My story through I've run,
And all that I did intend,
Was to cause a morsel of fun.
If I succeed, that's right,
There's a pleasure pleasing brings;
And I'll try some other night
The luck of a chap wot sings.
Cho.—Tol de lol, &c.

O! THIS LOVE!

1. O! this love! this love; I once the pas - sion slighted; But hearts, but hearts that
tru - ly love Must break or be u - ni - ted! O! this love! O! this love!



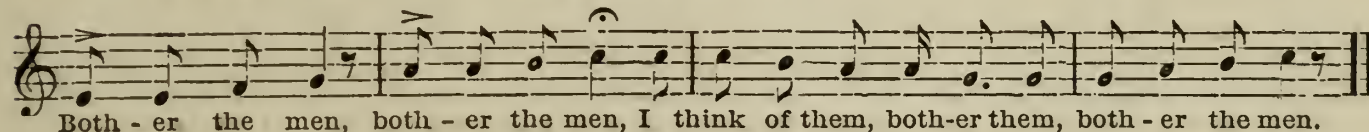
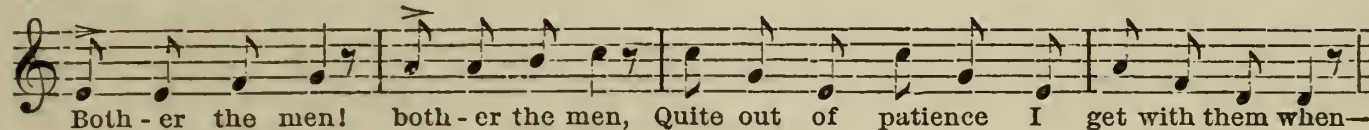
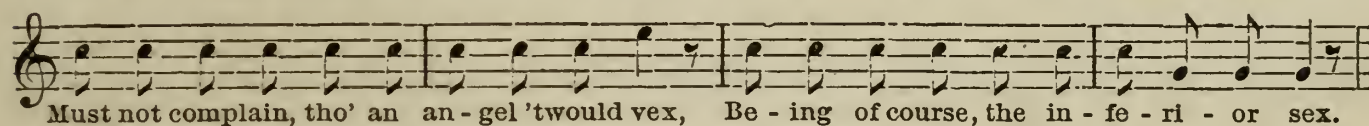
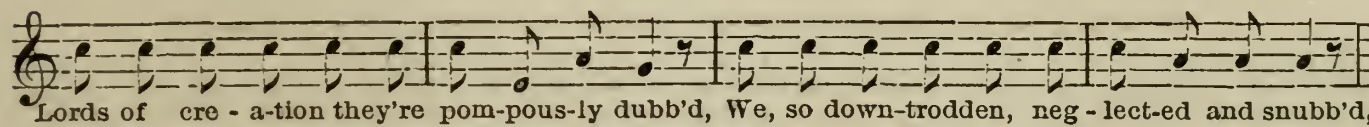
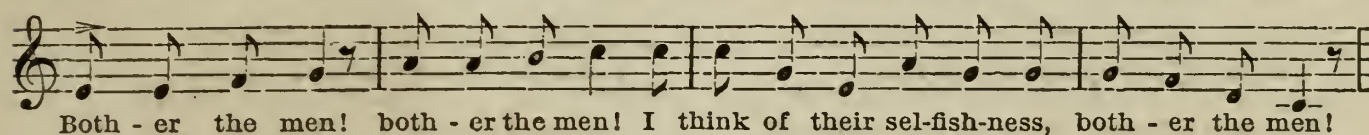
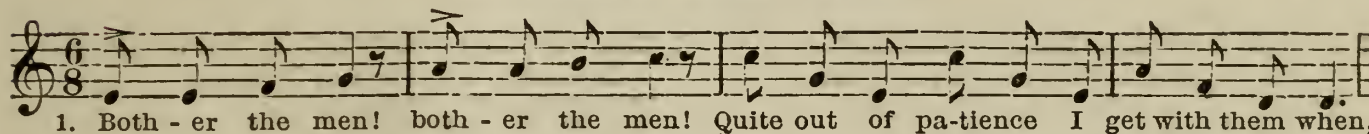
2 When first he came to woo,
I little cared about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him!
CHORUS. — O! this love! &c.

3 He gave to me this ring,
My hand ask'd of my mother,
I could not bear the thought

That he should wed another.

CHORUS. — O! this love, &c.
4 And now I am his own, —
In all his joys I mingle;
Not for the wealth of worlds,
Would I again be single!
CHORUS. — O! this love, —

BOTHER THE MEN.



2.

Full of conceit, women they treat
More like the ground that is under their feet;
Such their pretence, 'tis an offence
Merely to hint we have got common sense.
In our anatomy brain forms no part;
While, as for poetry, science, or art,
Physics, theology, politics, — what!
We comprehend it, oh, certainly not!
Bother the men, bother the men,
Quite out of patience I get with them when —
Bother the men, bother the men —
I think of them, bother them, bother the men.

3.

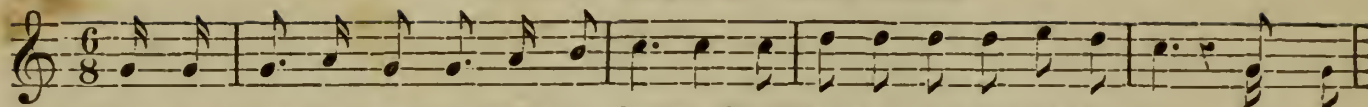
Well we may dread having to wed,
(Strange that so many are into it led,)
Sad is their fate, but to alter their state
Were out of the frying-pan into the grate.
See what old maids are compelled to go through,
If clever, they're either "strong-minded" or
"blue."
If they start as M.D's they're derided and
mocked.

And the Lords of creation are dreadfully
shocked.

Bother the men, bother the men,
Quite out of patience I get with when —
Bother the men, bother the men,
I think of them, — bother them, bother the
men!

4.

Ah but, I know what makes them so, —
Jealousy, which they are too proud to show;
Give us a chance, they, with a glance,
See we'd ahead of them quickly advance.
Only let Government bring in a bill
To give us the franchise, and have it we will!
Women we'll send into Parliament then,
Oh, you shall see how they'll bother the men!
Bother the men, bother the men,
Won't we pay off their impertinence, then?
Bother the men, bother the men,
It makes me quite wild when I think of the
men!



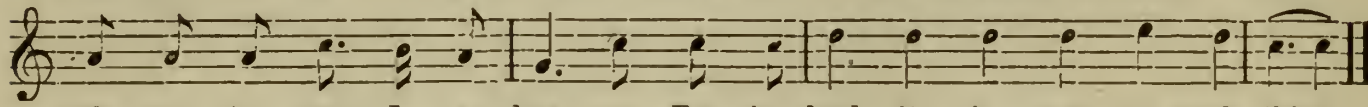
1. Yes, I know that you once were my lov-er, But that sort of thing has an end; Tho'



love and its transports are ov - er, You know you can still be my friend; Don't



kneel at my feet I implore you, Don't write on the drawings you bring, Don't

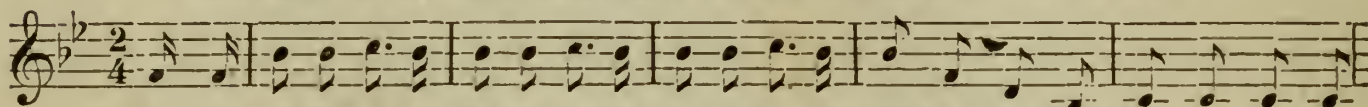


ask me to say I a - dore you, For in - deed it is now no such thing.

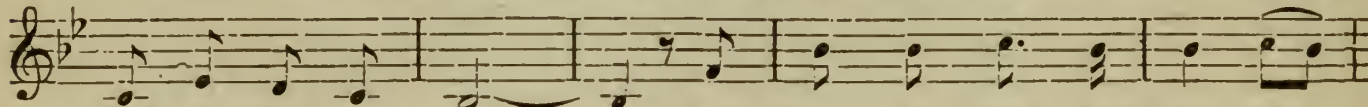
2 I confess, when at Bangor we parted,
I swore that I worshipped you then;
That I was a maid broken-hearted,
And you the most charming of men:
I confess, when I read your first letter,
I blotted your name with a tear;
I was young then, but now I know better, —
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here?

3 Dear me, how you fret, how you worry! —
Repeating my vows to be true:
If I said so, I told you a story,
For I love Hardy better than you.
Yes, this fond heart is another's,
(I sigh so, whenever he's gone!)
I will love you, indeed, as a brother,
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

WHAT'S A MARRIED MAN GOING TO DO?



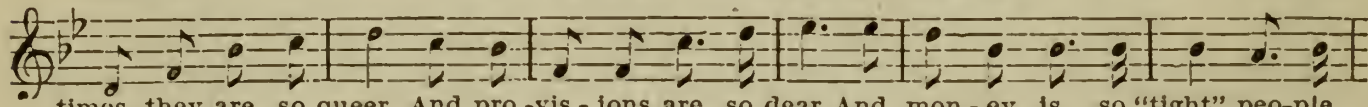
1. I'm the father of a fam-i - ly and try to be re - spect-a - ble, For life it is a



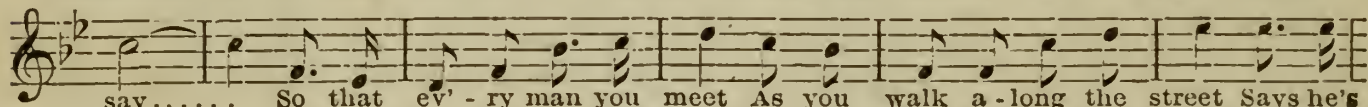
strug-gle to get thro' And here I stand to - night a



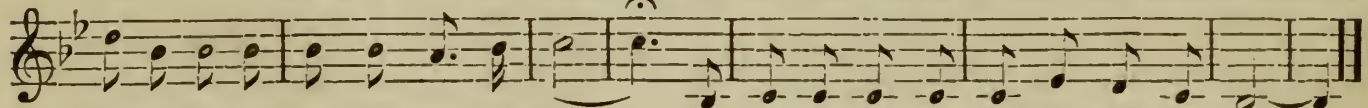
pic-ture so de-ject - a - ble, But what's a mar-ried man a - going to do. For the



times they are so queer And pro - vis - ions are so dear And mon - ey is so "tight" peo-ple



say So that ev' - ry man you meet As you walk a - long the street Says he's



lucky if he can but pay his way. ... Oh what's a married man a - going to do.

2.

I've heard it is contemptible to fly into a passion,
But what I'm telling you to-night is true.
I've daughters growing up, and they will dress
in the fashion,

Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

True, the dresses now are neat,

Yet they used to sweep the street,

And do the work the scavengers should do,

And the bills we had to pay

To the drapers ev'ry day

Was enough to make a parent look quite blue.

Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

3.

At home we are startled with rumours of the Fe-
Putting quiet people in a stew; [nians,
And abroad there's a row with the black Abys-
[sinians,

Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

Reformers may prate about the dreadful state
Of things in this "Land of Liberty,"

For twopence on our backs

They've laid on the "Income Tax,"

Where the money is to come from puzzles me!

Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

4.

[doubt me,

But Sixty-seven's gone, and I'm sure you will not

When wishing a much better year to you [me,

Than the one that has past, for when I look about

I think, what's a married man a-going to do!

Yet patiently we'll wait, and hope that '68

May prove better than the year that has past;

And join both heart and hand

To drive treason from the land,

And live in peace and quietude at last!

That's what every body ought to do!

21

4

